4th Edition

"REGINA"
THE QUEEN OF
TOILET SOAPS.

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THE PALL MALL GAZETTE

"CONSULTATION FREE."

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No. 8901.—Vol. LVII. MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2, 1893. Price One Penny

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Sir Augustus Harris.

EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, A LIFE OF PLEASURE. By Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris. (The greatest success Drury Lane has ever known.)

Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Lily Hanbury (by permission of H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.), Miss Laura Linden, Miss Le Thiere, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Frank H. Fenton, Mr. William Elton, Mr. Stephen Caffrey, Mr. Clarence Holt, Mr. J. A. Cave, Mr. Robert Soutar, and Mr. Harry Nicholls.

MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT and EVERY SATURDAY, at 1.30. Doors open 1 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 A.M. all day.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Mr. Tree, Sole Lessee and Manager.

TO-NIGHT at 8.15, a new play in 4 acts, by Henry Arthur Jones, called
THE TEMPTER.

Mr. Tree; Messrs. Fred. Terry, F. Everill, Fuller Mellish, G. W. Anson, Charles Allan, Holman Clark, Revelle, Baldie, Wyatt, Paton, Cowis, &c.; Mrs. Tree, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Julia Neilson. Scenery by Messrs. W. T. Hemsley, J. Harker, and W. Hann. Music by Mr. Edward German.

MATINEE of THE TEMPTER, EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, at 2.

Seats may now be booked two months in advance at the Box-office (Mr. Leverton) from 10 till 5; also by letter or telegram.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.50, Lecocq's celebrated Comic Opera,
LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
(Last Two Weeks).

Mesdames Juliette Nesville, Amy Augarde, H. Crofton, M. A. Victor, Ellis Jeffreys, F. Frances, B. Vere; Messrs. Courtice Pounds, W. Blakeley, S. Valentine, W. Dale, C. Davenport, S. Hemsley, G. Humphery. At 8.15, POOR MIGNONETTE. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 3. Doors open at 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
A. and S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.

TO-NIGHT, at 8, A WOMAN'S REVENGE, by Henry Pettitt. Messrs. Charles Warner, Charles Cartwright, Herbert Flemming, Rudge Harding, John Carter, and Arthur Williams, Mesdames Mary Rorke, Alma Stanley, Florence L. Forster, Agnes Thomas. Box-office 10 to 6. Doors open 7.30.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, George Edwardes.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8, Audran's charming Comic Opera,
LA MASCOTTE,

with the following powerful cast:—

Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Katie Seymour, and Miss Florence St. John; Mr. Wallace Brownlow, Mr. Charles Conyers, Mr. George Mudie, and Mr. Robert Pateman.

Box-Office open 10 to 6 daily. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 7.

GLOBE THEATRE.
Lessee, W. S. Penley.
CHARLEY'S AUNT,
By Brandon Thomas.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9.
Preceded, at 8, by JOHN THURGOOD, FARMER.
MATINEE of CHARLEY'S AUNT EVERY SATURDAY, at 3. Doors open 2.30. Box-office open 10 to 5.

COMEDY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. Comyns Carr.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.10, a new and original play, in four Acts, by Sydney Grundy, entitled
SOWING THE WIND.

Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Will Dennis, Mr. Chandler, Mr. J. Byron; Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Annie Hughes, Mrs. Campbell Bradley, and Miss Winifred Emery.

Doors open 7.30. Box-office (Mr. Scarisbrick) open 10 to 5. Seats may also be booked by letter or telegram, and at the principal libraries.—COMEDY THEATRE.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
Manager, F. J. Harris.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MOROCCO BOUND (167th time). John L. Shine, Charles Danby, Templar Saxe, Lilian Redfern, and Letty Lind. At 7.45, REX HARLEY, the inimitable mimic of popular actors. Box-office 10 to 10. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30. Proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8.15, Augustin Daly's Company of Comedians. MONDAY (for the last time), DOLLARS AND SENSE. Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis, &c.

THE FORESTERS.

TUESDAY EVENING (and EVERY EVENING at 8.15), THE FORESTERS, Comedy in four Acts, by Alfred Lord Tennyson, music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Miss Rehan as Maid Marian, Arthur Bourchier as Robin Hood, and George Clarke, Herbert Gresham, Catherine Lewis, &c. New scenery by W. Hann and T. E. Ryan.

FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, October 7th at 2. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all libraries.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Open 7.30. At 8.40, the Grand Ballet FIDELIA. At 10.30, CHICAGO. Grais's Marvellous Baboon and Donkey (first appearance in England), Thora, The Three Castles, R. H. Douglass, The Poluskis, Amy Lyster, The TILLEY SISTERS, &c., &c.

EMPIRE.

TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets. KATRINA, at 8, and the Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10, invented by Mr. George Edwardes, the whole arranged by Mdme. Katti Lanner, the music specially composed, and incidental music arranged by Monsieur Leopold Wenzel. The following artistes are engaged to support these two grand spectacles:—Mdlle. Heva Sarcy, Signorina Savigny, Miss Katie Seymour, Mr. John Ridley, Mr. W. Bishop, Signor Vincenti, and Signorina Malvina Cavalazzi. Costumes by Wilhelm, executed by Miss Fisher, Madame Auguste et Cie., and Mr. M. Angel. Scenery by Messrs. Ryan, Telbin, and Henry Emden. Varieties at 7.45; Armand Ary, Cinquevalli, Marie Lloyd, Charles Morritt, C. Tilbury, Ardel and Donaldson, R. G. Knowles, Brothers Webb, &c., &c. Doors open, 7.30.

THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.
GREAT INTERNATIONAL TOBACCO EXHIBITION.

At no place in the world can so many sights be seen as at the Royal Aquarium. See the Wonderful Educated Dogs. The Fakir Priest. The Great Dive Through the Roof. See the Champion Divers of the World. Great Russian Waxworks and Tortures. Free Varieties, 12 noon. Special (free) Grand Varieties, 2 and 7. Performing animals. Les Bengalis. The Four-Legged Dance, Strong Men of France, Ballet Quartette, &c., &c., &c. All free. Concert (free), 5.50. See (Theatre) 5 and 9, the Boxing Kangaroo, &c., &c. Grand Swimming Entertainments, 5 and 10. Free Billiard Promenade, Peall v. Taylor (Thurston's table), Talking and Laughing Seal, and a host of attractions.

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

Oxford colleges are in many points open to criticism, but they answer the purpose of their founders. They were meant to be lay corporations; their members were not monks, bound by strict vows and dead to the world, but citizens competent to serve God in Church and State. Some of their scholars passed out into the world in early or middle life; others remained within the walls, to preserve the continuity of college life, and to hand on a good tradition from one age to another. The Master of Balliol, who has just passed away at the age of seventy-six, was one of those who remained within the walls. Close on sixty years ago he went up from St. Paul's School to stand for a scholarship, and since that time his working life has been spent in college rooms. As tutor, as Professor of Greek, as Master of his own college, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, he has taught and governed a vast number of young men. His personal influence has left its impress on the characters of many leading Englishmen of our day; through his pupils he became a power in politics and literature. In Balliol itself he summed up so completely the aspirations and the recent traditions of the place that we hardly know what the college will be without him.

Newcomers in Oxford were sometimes at a loss to discover the sources of this great influence. One clever young man described the Master's lectures as "faint glimpses into the obvious;" another said that Jowett went a little way down into the depths of a philosophical question and then came up to take breath; Green, on the other hand, went to the bottom, and stayed there. By slow degrees the impatient undergraduate came to see that a whole lifetime of thought and work lay concealed under the apparent simplicity of the Master's style. On some lucky day perhaps he would be beguiled into telling the Master that he knew some particular book or subject; and then, after passing a very uncomfortable half-hour, he came away with the wholesome feeling that he knew nothing at all, and would do well to read his book again. Whether Jowett was a great scholar or not, it is for experts to decide; he was certainly a very considerable writer, and his effects were produced, not by great displays of power, but by long labour and genuine love of his subject. Walter Bagehot, a keen critic of style, has done justice to the admirable phrases in which the Master anticipated or summed up the results of a long controversy. And a great German Professor, patronizing English scholarship as Germans will, has been heard to say, "Jowett? he is not what we in Germany call a critic; but he knows his author as I know the way from my house to my lecture-room." So the Master taught by example, more than by systematic exposition.

As a man of affairs, Professor Jowett was eminently successful; no man in Oxford got more of his own way. He seldom argued; he was not quick to perceive the legal or the financial aspects of a question; nor was he particularly good at putting his proposals into shape. But he was always thinking what was best to be done—best for the College and the University and the country. He had a perfectly clear notion of what he wished to be done, and he did not change his mind because high authorities told him that his plans were impossible or mistaken. In short, the Master always had a policy, and therefore University Liberals, who are, as a general rule, the vaguest of men, looked to him as their leader and carried out his ideas. His first object in life was to make Balliol great, and to this end he made it a much larger society than it was before, and thereby changed its character. He desired also to make Balliol a stronghold of Liberal opinions—that is, of the opinions which were called Liberal some forty years ago. Inquiry and criticism should be free; Oxford should be open to all kinds of men, and all kinds of studies. These were the ends for which he strove, not unsuccessfully, and his influence in politics was always used on the side of moderate Liberalism. He tried to induce the young Tory to throw off his inherited prejudices; the young Radical to abate something of his confidence in abstract principles; the Nonconformist to see what was good the Church of England; and the Churchman to find ro for Nonconformist virtue beside him. He saw no reas why a man should leave his Church or his party; it w better that we should all remain loyal to our respecti creeds and forms; differences would disappear, if the were discussed in a spirit of sympathy and intellectual co-op ration. There was a story of a native of Siam, converte by an English missionary, who came to Oxford and was re-co verted to Buddhism by the Master of Balliol. The stor was a fiction; but it illustrates the manner in which Jowet dealt with men who wished to break off old connection for the sake of dogmas or abstract truths. "Your duty is t your own people," he would say. A man of this temper was not the stuff out of which a Gladstonian Radical is manufactured; and during the last twenty years of his life Professor Jowett was moving further and further away from the party which still retains the name of Liberal. He disliked the fussy interference of the Legislature in matters which are best regulated by contract and the usage of good business men. He was a strong Imperialist; natural shrewdness and long experience led him to distrust the moralities of Midlothian. Though not blind to the arguments which are advanced in favour of complete religious equality, he clung to the establishment of religion, as it now exists in England and Scotland; he thought that the connection between Church and State helped to raise the standard of duty in the State, and to widen the bounds of liberty in the Church. Being thus in many important matters out of harmony with his old party, the Master quietly dropped out of it. Liberalism, as he understood it, has done its work. Old privileges have been destroyed and old institutions reformed; a fair field is opened, at Oxford and elsewhere, to all kinds of studies and opinions. The danger is, that our energies may be scattered and wasted in the many new channels that are opened, that we forget our need of discipline, and ignore the historical element in government and culture. On these difficulties the Master of Balliol spoke to us as a typical Englishman; in becoming a scholar he did not cease to be a citizen or a man of the world. He and his generation of University reformers have done what they set out to do: it remains for us, with the light they have left us, to deal with the problems of the future.

THE RELIGIOUS DISTURBANCES IN INDIA.

Moulvi Rafiüddin-Ahmad Interviewed.

There is probably no one in this country so well informed upon the state of Mahommedan feeling in Bombay, and the relations between Mahommedans and Hindoos in that city, as Moulvi Rafiüddin-Ahmad. Himself a Mahommedan and belonging to an ancient family at Poona, he has lived for many years in Bombay, where in 1888 he was unanimously elected vice-president of the Anjumani-Ishatul-Islam—the Islamic Society of Bombay. Although now residing in England, he is in constant communication with India on Islamic affairs, and is president of the chief Indian Mahommedan association in London. Last year he visited the Ottoman Empire, and was received in audience by his Majesty the Sultan; while, at the same time, he is a very loyal subject of her Majesty the Queen, by whom he has often been received, and on whose Oriental studies and Hindustani Diary he published an article in the *Strand Magazine*. Thinking that it would be well to let the public know what an enlightened and authorized exponent of Mahommedan opinion had to say on the recent religious disturbances in India, a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* had a long conversation last Friday with Mr. Rafiüddin-Ahmad. His explanation of their origin would, if correct, throw considerable light, not only on the cause of the Bombay riots, but also on the latest cow-killing disturbance mentioned in our issue of last Wednesday, and most significant as having occurred in the centre of the European quarter of Calcutta.

"A Mahommedan," he said, "*ought* to be interviewed on the recent deplorable riots before the public forms its final judgment on the relations between the religious bodies in Bombay. This would help to smooth matters. I think I can tell you much that will tend to correct erroneous impressions, for I have, as you know, long resided in Bombay, am myself

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CHURCH NOTES.

The arrangements at Birmingham for the Church Congress are considered by the Archdeacon of Ely, the general secretary, to be exceptionally good, although as usual more people have applied for hospitality than can find hosts. The Nonconformists have come forward with great alacrity in this matter, and to-morrow present an address of welcome. Yesterday the pulpit of nearly every church in Birmingham was occupied by a stranger. This is a development on a large scale, and for a special purpose of local church extension, of what has been a growing custom for many years. A commendable novelty is the presence of working men on the committee in Congress towns. There will be the usual crop of extra-Congressional meetings, and the fault of the Congress is the attempt to discuss too many subjects.

It is a pity that no committee ever has the pluck to devote two afternoons of the week to recreation, excursions, and the social intercourse of friends. The railways from all parts of the country will be full to-day of Congress-goers *en route* to the Midland metropolis. It is to be hoped that the local laymen will be to the fore, as was the case pre-eminently at the first Manchester Congress held under the presidency of Dr. Prince Lee, himself a Birmingham man.

The Church Congress may be viewed from many sides. If there is a glut of work and a torrent of talk some people turn it into a picnic, and assuredly one of its pleasantest features is the meeting of old friends after years of separation. There are those who say—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon—that the same subjects for debate and the same speakers would empty Congresses if it were not for their social side.

Mr. G. H. F. Nye, the writer of "The Church and Her Story," has been selected as the lay speaker on the subject of the Church and the Press at Birmingham Church Congress.

The consecration on Michaelmas Day of the Rev. Dr. A. Hamilton Baynes in Westminster Abbey by the Primate, assisted by the Bishops of London, Rochester, Southwell, Derby, Southwark, and Bishop Macrorie, will, it is hoped, heal the painful South African schism. It is nearly forty years ago since Bishop Colenso, the great algebraist, was consecrated. His deposition by Bishop Gray, the Metropolitan of South Africa, the controversies that raged anent his opinions, his holding on at Natal, protected by the Privy Council judgment, with a handful of supporters, and the foundation of the see of Maritzburg, where, under great difficulties, Bishop Macrorie laboured so zealously, are in the recollection of older Churchmen, but younger men have no idea of the *odium theologicum* with which Natal was associated. The Bishop of St. Andrews' visit as the Primate's representative, followed by the resignation of the Bishop of Maritzburg, paved the way for the nomination of Dr. Baynes, whose rule will, we trust, be acceptable to Churchmen generally in Natal. At the meeting in the afternoon at Lambeth Palace, under the presidency of the Bishop of Rochester, the speakers—the new Bishop, Bishop Macrorie, and the Dean of Llandaff—all made conciliatory speeches, desiring that the past should be buried, while they all recognized the exceptionally able character of the Rev. Dr. Butler's sermon, described by nearly every paper as delivered after the Consecration Service, whereas that office is of course incorporated in the Communion Office.

One of the Peterborough clergy—the Rev. Charles Gray, vicar of St. Mary's—gives his congregation the opportunity of asking for particular hymns to be sung. He says, "I usually make my hymns out for the month, and have often when getting out the magazine in which they are published, received requests for certain hymns, either by a personal visit or by letter. Yet upon request I never hesitate to change the published order in the magazine for one specially chosen, unless there is some strong objection, as to the season, which very seldom happens. The kind of hymns selected, as a rule, are those bearing upon God's love for sinners; acceptance of the returned prodigal; comfort in sorrow; and especially and frequently the hymn for "those at sea." I have also sometimes taken the specially chosen hymn for my subject of the sermon. Nor have I ever repented of doing so. I have been told that what often touches the heart of a son when he comes home after long absence is to hear and join in an old hymn that he used to be familiar with in old days."

As we anticipated, the claim on behalf of Lullington Church, Sussex, to be considered the smallest in the country has not been unchallenged. To say nothing of it being merely the remains of a considerably larger building, the distinction belongs either to St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight, or to Culbone, on the borders of Exmoor, in Somersetshire. Both these churches are complete, and as originally constructed. Culbone Church, which stands close to Ashleycombe, the seat of the Earl of Lovelace, comprises a chancel and a nave, and its dimensions are only 33 ft. by 12 ft. This diminutive building at one time numbered among its congregation no fewer than three peers of the realm.

The parish church of St. Luke, Chelsea, was reopened yesterday after restoration, but the work of raising and beautifying the chancel will not be finished for six weeks.

On Michaelmas Day Bishop Royston consecrated considerable additions which have been made to the church of St. Peter, Newton-in-Makerfield, and there were the customary festivals at Tewkesbury Abbey and St. Michael's College, Tenbury.

There was an immense audience in Exeter Hall one night last week to take leave of a number of C.M.S. missionaries, who are going out to various foreign stations. The formal dismissals took place in the Committee-room at Salisbury-square.

The Bishop of Norwich presided on Saturday at the annual distribution of prizes to the successful candidates in the Diocesan examinations in religious knowledge, and last night preached at St. John de Sepulchre on behalf of the day schools in a very poor district of the city.

Canon Knox Little has in the press a pamphlet entitled "Sacerdotalism," a reply to Archdeacon Farrar's article in the *Contemporary*. Very shortly he will publish a new story, entitled "A Waif from the Waves."

The Rev. T. Simcox Lea, rector of Tedstone, Delamere, formerly a well-known clergyman at the East End of London, is somewhat seriously ill.

We hear that Father Hall has accepted the bishopric of Vermont, U.S.A.

The Bishop of Lichfield on Michaelmas Day, for a second time, spent the anniversary of his consecration at Handsworth; preaching in the church, dedicating a new rectory, and being present at the laying the foundation stone of a home for waifs and strays by Lady Calthorpe. During the day Mr. Joshua Horton, a banker and a munificent lay churchman, died.

a Mahommedan, and know the local conditions and the feelings of the people."

"It is," he continued, "a great pity that there is no reliable Mahommedan English paper published in Bombay, but only Hindoo newspapers. Thus the English only hear one side of the question. I have been insisting for five years on the necessity of publishing a Mahommedan newspaper in ombay, and now at last the want I have so long pointed out is felt, and possibly be supplied. Meanwhile, the Mahommedans have been tly offended at the attitude taken by some London papers, wing the blame of the riots on us, and implying that the ernment had been favouring the Mahommedans, and that this was one tributing cause of the disturbances. We maintain that the reverse is case. The Mahommedans, owing to their backwardness in European cation, are not always in touch with the English people. They wish to on peacefully with their Hindoo brethren, and have no desire to cause sturbances. Only they wish the Hindoos not to take advantage of being the majority nor to offend Mahommedan feelings. Now that the torm is over,

Both Mahommedans and Hindoos are Holding Meetings,

with the object of preventing, in future, all violent outbursts of religious passion. Since the riots of which the public know, there was danger of a very serious disturbance at Poona, whither a number of Mahommedan families had removed from Bombay for safety; but this was prevented by the moral effect of the way in which order was being maintained in Bombay.

Mr. Rafiüddin-Ahmad then went on to show our representative pamphlets and letters received by the last mail from Bombay, and said: "You see peace is now fully restored, and has been for about three weeks. Friday, the Mahommedan prayer day, now passes off quietly; and although there is still some ill-feeling between the two parties, there is no chance of their bursting into open hostilities again."

It will be remembered that some weeks ago, almost immediately after the first outbreak of rioting in Bombay, we published an interview with Mr. Naoroji. This interview Mr. Rafiüddin seemed to have read with much interest. "There are some things," he said, "in which I heartily agree with Mr. Naoroji, and wish to strengthen his testimony with my own; while there are other points on which I think the views he has expressed need some correction. It would be a mistake to suppose that there is little or no difference in the modes of thought and the manner of life, of the Mahommedans and the Hindoos," he went on to explain, "though this is an idea that might be gathered from Mr. Naoroji's remarks. He has stated in your columns," said the Moulvi, "that the

Hindoos and Mahommedans are of the same Race,

as if all the Mahommedans in India were Hindoo converts merely, or descended from Hindoo converts; while, as a matter of fact, they are an absolutely distinct race. Mr. Naoroji supports his assertion by saying that the Mahommedans speak the Hindoo language. But that this argument is fallacious I can easily prove. Thousands of Hindoos speak no language whatever except Hindustani, the Mahommedan language of India, which was the Court language of the Moguls. This, however, does not prove them to be Mahommedans or descendants of Mahommedans. Then, again, the Parsee community to which Mr. Naoroji belongs has utterly forgotten Persian, their own language, and speaks Gujurati, the language of the Hindoos. Will Mr. Naoroji allow himself and his community to be descended from the Hindoos? Moreover," continued the Moulvi emphatically, "even in those districts where the Mahommedans have adopted the provincial language for convenience, every one of them understands Hindustani, and invariably uses this language as a medium of communication with his co-religionists belonging to other parts of India. Even between those Mahommedans and Hindoos who are of the same race—as in the case of the Hindoo converts to Mahommedanism and their descendants—there is and always has been, the greatest possible difference in their ways of thinking, habits, and modes of living. Still," he continued, "the Mahommedans and Hindoos have rarely fought in Bombay before. On the contrary, of all the peoples of India the Mahommedans and Hindoos in Bombay have been the most friendly. In the Bombay Presidency the lower classes of

Hindoos Offer Sacrifices to Mahommedan Saints."

In Poona, the second city of the Bombay Presidency, the seat of the Government for three months of the year, this quasi-community of religious practice seems to be carried to a great extent. "There," continued the Moulvi, "three-fourths of the *Taboots* (or paper and wicker representations of the tombs of the grandsons of Mahommed), in honour of Hassan and Hussain, grandsons of our prophet, are made by Hindoos. Moreover, in all the Mahommedan religious fairs there are a great many more Hindoos than Mahommedans. For instance, at the fair at Mahim, a suburb of Bombay, thousands of Hindoos and Mahommedans may always be seen enjoying each other's company and making themselves merry together without any friction whatever. Then again in the Jubilee year all the Mahommedan butchers in Bombay unanimously resolved that they would not kill any cows for three days, in honour of their great Empress's Jubilee day and particularly to please their Hindoo fellow citizens. I may say, in fact that formerly no friction ever occurred in Bombay as a result of cow-killing."

"Not even at the celebration of Iddu Zohah?" asked our representative.

"No; it is an annual holiday, and the cows are usually slaughtered about six miles from Bombay, but even when they were killed in the city, no disturbances occurred."

"In 1889, however, some Hindoos from Northern India began to preach against cow-killing in Bombay, and formed there an organization for the protection of cows." These preachers, the Moulvi explained, tried to induce the Mahommedans to desist from killing cows, in order thereby to prevent the Anglo-Indians from killing and consuming beef. It was, they alleged, the Anglo-Indians and Christians who consumed the largest amount of beef, and sheltered themselves behind the religious practices of the Mahommedans to account for the slaughter of cows. If, therefore, they argued, the Mahommedans would desist from cow-killing, they would not be the principal losers, but the Anglo-Indians would have to follow suit, and give up causing all this loss of oxen to an agricultural country like India. The Mahommedans did not," said the Moulvi, "believe in this hollow cry that the Anglo-Indians would follow suit, even if they desisted. The Mahommedans asserted, on the contrary, that the British army could not live without beef, and that the poorer classes of Mahommedans could not be expected to give up this article of daily food, or, at any rate, the right of buying it, to please a few fanatics."

The Causes of the Riots.

"What do you consider to have been the real cause of these disturbances in Bombay?" asked our representative.—"Full investigations have not yet been made, and it will take a long time to come to the bottom of the affair; but I believe," continued Mr. Rafiüddin, "that the germs of this riot must have been imported into the city of Bombay from quarrels that took place in Junagudh." Here our representative in discussing the repression of riots and the restoration of peace, asked a question with reference to the former riots between the Mahommedans and Parsees in Bombay, and Mr. Naoroji's expression of opinion some weeks since in the interview above referred to, that, though on the first day the Government acted with vigour and put down the riot in a very short time, "the same vigour was not kept up for three or four days afterwards; and so an impression got abroad that there was some weakness on the side of the Government towards the Mahommedans, which had the effect of making the Mahommedans rather bold to break out in these riots." This view, taken by Mr. Naoroji of the then state of affairs, is, according to Mr. Rafiüddin, very far from being correct. "The Government," he said, "did not particularly favour the Mahommedans. It was quite impartial. If, however, it had favoured either side it is the Parsees who were, and are, in a better position for influencing the Government on their side."

The Moulvi then pointed out that it would be a great mistake to let these disturbances be used for political party purposes or as an argument to prove that Indians are not fit for liberty and self-government. He heartily supported Mr. Naoroji's contention, disputed by Colonel Alfred Harcourt in a letter we published some time back, "that an increase in the native magistracy would be a boon;" and seemed to be of opinion that in all matters not actually between creed and creed, or race and race, the judgment of a native would be preferred by other natives, even though not of the same creed.

There is no Hatred.

"There is no hatred," answered Mr. Rafiüddin, "between Mahommedans and Hindoos. I would admit this much, that on the part of the Mahommedans there is always a feeling of superiority, and that they are superior in administrative capacity. Of course there are religious riots in India, and then we hear much talk about such occurrences showing great backwardness and want of civilization, &c.

"Do you think that there will be much future bitterness engendered by these recent riots?" asked our representative.—"There will not be much ill-feeling among the educated classes on either side, but it is very difficult to say much about the effect that will be produced on the ignorant and lower classes. They are the same in every country. I believe that the restoration of peace and good feeling, and the prevention of future disturbances, does not depend so much on the Government as on the conduct of the leaders of the community; and I sincerely hope they will feel the weight of their responsibility, and act accordingly. In one thing I here wish to strengthen the contention of Mr. Naoroji. It is of the highest importance that the

Anglo-Indians Should Mix More Freely with the People.

That will bring about more permanent good feeling on all sides than anything else. I admire the action of Lord Harris in coming on the scene as he did. I am glad that the Government has now appointed a competent officer to inquire into the question of cow-killing, and I earnestly hope that inasmuch as cow-killing *must* necessarily continue in India, the educated of the two communities will give him due assistance to enable him to arrive at a definite conclusion regarding the question. Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, has, as you know, thought fit to suppress the inflammatory pamphlets against cow-killing which have been in circulation for some time." Here Mr. Rafiüddin-Ahmad showed our representative some extracts from recent issues of Indian papers tending to show that the Mahommedans of India regard such writings against cow-killing not only as an attack on Mahommedan religious practices, but also as an attempt at depriving them of their chief article of food. He also laid much stress upon the fact that

Hindoos Get Meat Killed for them by Mahommedans.

"All the Maharatas," he said, "and I may say all the Hindoos of the Dekkhan take goats and poultry to the village Mahommedan priest to have them killed for their consumption, and have been in the habit of doing so ever since the time of Aurung Zebe."

"What is the feeling among natives of India residing in London? Is there any bitter feeling between Indian Mahommedans and Hindoos here since the riots?"—"No, none whatever; we all sympathize together, and deplore the disturbances."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On another page will be found to-day the first instalment of a short story by Mr. George Moore. Hitherto serial stories in daily newspapers have not been popular with the public, because their insertion has been thought to exclude other matter of more pressing importance to the searcher after news. But our object in extending the size of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been to find room for all that is known as news, and at the same time to give our readers fresh and novel matter of a purely literary character. In this sense we are deliberately making an experiment. Whether it is one which will commend itself to that vague entity known as the "general reader" remains to be seen. At any rate, we purpose giving the experiment a fair chance. And so Mr. George Moore leads the way.

We are afraid that M. Le Myre de Vilers has a better reason for being content with himself than he had after having achieved the convention with the Hovas, which is useless for all political purposes. He was sent to Bangkok as being more likely to coerce the inoffensive Siamese into yielding to M. Develle's international blackmail. So vigorously did he act that even the patient Siamese refused to submit, and the negotiations were broken off, M. Le Myre de Vilers giving the King three months wherein to think matters over. This morning, however, we learn that, in obedience to instructions from Paris, he has signed a Draft Convention, in which the original terms of submission are much modified. What does it all mean? On the one hand we have the French abating their demands, and a general air of satisfaction in every one's telegrams; on the other hand, we hear of reinforcements going out to Chantabun, and of a gunboat being sent to Bangkok.

This does not look as if M. Le Myre de Vilers were quite sure of his ground. "Your money and your life" was the original demand. Now he has asked and accepted much less money than he wanted before. Yet even as matters stand he has consummated the greatest achievement in international brigandage which this century has seen. But why this sudden abandonment of the conditions of the ultimatissimum, this substitution of the discarded (but scarcely less dishonest) ultimatum? Has China spoken? Or—which is more to the purpose—has Lord Rosebery spoken? We remember that Sir Edward Grey was none too hopeful about the progress of the negotiations when they were last mentioned in the House. But it is quite likely that, having won their elections, MM. Dupuy and Develle were prepared to listen to a counsel of at least apparent honesty. The atrociousness of the ultimatum was lost in the audacity of the ultimatissimum, which in all probability was only invented to secure the acceptance of the first. But we do not take the matter to be altogether settled even now.

The inauguration of the monument of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese leader in the struggle against Napoleonic dominion, has been marred by an almost inconceivable act of bigoted intolerance. The sculptor to whom the work was entrusted, and who executed the statue in a remarkable blending of realistic manner and ideal conception, is the late Heinrich Natter, one of the foremost in his craft among German artists. He is known for his excellent treatment of subjects referring to Teutonic hero-saga and mythology, such as Siegfried and the Norns, or Sisters of Fate. He also produced the splendid statue of Walther von der Vogelweide—Germany's greatest lyric poet in the early Middle Ages, and a doughty champion of the national cause as against the domineering pretensions of the Papacy, which was erected, not long ago, at Bozen.

A Tyrolese and a Catholic by birth, Natter was of a free-thinking disposition. The remarkable Zwingli monument at Zurich is also owing to his chisel. Of late he had set his heart on the Hofer statue, for which, as regards fidelity to minute detail, he had made repeated close studies in his native country; and he was looking forward with eagerness to this crowning triumph of his artistic quality. Unfortunately he died before the ceremony could be held, which took place a few days ago in the presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph, of several archdukes, and many notabilities. In his last will Natter had ordered his remains to be cremated at Zurich.

Now, will it be believed that the Ultramontane section of the members of the Hofer Memorial Committee at Innsbruck, roused to wrath by Natter's fire-burial, contrived to exclude the widow of the famed sculptor from the invitation to the unveiling of the monument? Such, however, was really the fact. The free-minded artist was to be insulted after death in the person of his wife! The friends of the latter, indignant at this impertinence, thereupon resolved to keep away from the official celebration, and to hold in the afternoon one of their own in front of the statue. Besides this, a solemn commemoration in honour of the departed master was arranged by those who feel contempt for religious intolerance; and this took place on Saturday last (September 30), when a number of distinguished writers and learned men from Austria, Germany, and Switzerland were present.

It is said that the strikers are still firm and confident, and the tenth week is already begun. We do not doubt the courage, but we doubt the ability to proceed with it. Nor do we, as the *Chronicle* wilfully pretends to suppose, "see something noble and inspiring" in the gradual starvation of these unfortunate men. Our sympathies are with them in their sufferings, but we cannot avoid the obvious conclusion that they have been horribly misguided, and therefore must submit. Not a word has been said to dispute Mr. Holiday's facts, and all the rant in the world will not alter the rigid truths of Political Economy. Now that the men have received permission to return to the pits, it is, as we anticipated, growing very doubtful whether more than a handful of owners will have them back at the old rates. If this be so, there can be no strike levy, and no shadow of hope for the strikers.

The *Chronicle's* young man breathes scorn also in his denunciation of the *Spectator's* logic. The *Spectator* remarks that the manufacturer cannot and will not pay prices which oblige him to run his factory at a loss. To which the *Chronicle* retorts: "in view of the prices which the unfortunate manufacturer has been paying for the last two months there is an appearance of inconclusiveness about the assertion." Let us take another case. The *Chronicle* says that the miners cannot and will not subsist upon a wage reduced by 40 per cent. To which we reply "in view of the wages upon which he has been subsisting for the last two months, &c. &c."

Mr. Bayley, M.P., has been held up as a hero among colliery owners for his defection from the Federation, and his remarks have been quoted everywhere to prove the hollowness of the masters' case. Hear, then, his own explanation of his action:—

> My partners at the time the notices were given were of opinion that, owing to the then state of trade, a reduction of wages was then unfortunately necessary. *The strike has completely altered the then conditions of trade*, and in my judgment the price of coal will for a time justify colliery owners who have not already largely pledged their output under contracts paying the old rate of wages.

As we learn that a pit with an output of 2,000 tons a day is clearing just now £600 a day, we should think so. But where is the nobility of Mr. Bayley's motive? If this be not blacklegging for immediate gain, what is?

We are glad to see that the Local Government Board has, under a little pressure, tackled the unemployed question betimes this autumn. The circular to the local authorities which has been issued is modelled on that constructed by Mr. Chamberlain some years ago, and not even the fiercest opponents of grandmotherly government can object to it. The works which the local authorities are asked to start are to be necessary works; and the employment is to be such as all hands, whatever their trade, can take, and will not interfere with the labour market. There is plenty of such work—street-cleaning first and foremost. Our streets are in winter a disgrace to Christendom.

Pallas, the Anarchist, who threw a bomb at Marshal Campos, having been found guilty by a court-martial, will be shot immediately. So far he is entirely satisfied with his position, and has assumed a pose whose impassiveness would have done credit to Brutus and all the other heroes of antique democracy in whom the Anarchist soul delights. His only regret is that Marshal Campos did not die; and yet Campos, in a folly of forgiveness, has begged his life. It is to be hoped that the man will not be pardoned. If he thought it necessary to kill Campos, why did he undertake the business in such a manner that one small girl who never had anything to do with politics was killed, and two or three harmless soldiers were also wounded? Indeed, this promiscuous cruelty is one of the most abhorrent features of Anarchism, which we take to be a product of insanity acting upon natural depravity. So long as he raises a fuss and gets an advertisement the Anarchist does not care who dies to make his holiday. Therefore society must see to it that anarchy in all its stages is made extremely dangerous.

The Catholic Truth Society, whose annual meeting occupied most of the time of many Roman Catholics last week, is one of those pleasantly unpractical institutions which really suppose that by the reading of a few papers in a public place, by a few speeches, by two concerts, and by one exhibition of dissolving views, England will probably be gathered into the fold of the Roman Church. Accounts have been published in the Roman Catholic press which show that this description is by no means an exaggerated one. These few hundred ladies and gentlemen foregathered at Portsmouth Town Hall, where some delivered lectures on the spiritual needs of sailors, some on guilds for letter-writing to young girls, and some on various other equally vast or insignificant subjects. And now England must quickly prepare for conversion to Roman Catholicism. Mr. Britten may be an excellently disposed man; his work for museums is no doubt valuable; but——

No one will suspect the *Sun* of anything but the most laudable and generous motives in raising a fund to feed the wives and children of the miners who are out on strike at Castleford, and no one will wish to disbelieve in its professions of unwillingness to prolong the strike thereby. Yet a man who had ever seen or mingled in a strike might well be excused for doubting whether he ought to subscribe to such a fund. The sufferings of the women and children in a long strike are a sight to rend the heart and compel charity, even when it is known that the succour will merely prolong the agony; for the women are often the backbone of a strike. With Spartan pride they will not let their husbands yield while other women's are still fighting, and only starvation, the ultimate argument of men, will compel them to surrender.

They know not the cowardly rhyme of the cynic: "Submit, submit; 'Tis common sense and no high wit Gives better counsel than does it; Submit, submit." We have seen this with our eyes, and we know that it is true. And others know it, too, to judge from the letters—sucha s are readable—which cover our contemporary's middle sheet. Excepting the pious ladies and two-year-olds and babies in arms (like "Dear little Daisy," who "sends the hungry coal-boys a kiss," and "hopes dear grandpa in Heaven will be pleased"), all of whom could not be expected to think at all, there must be many who subscribed for kindly humanity's sake, with a feeling all the time that their action was futile

THE THEATRE.

"SOWING THE WIND," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate Mr. Comyns Carr on success in the offset of his adventure. An audience in a rapture of approval volleyed applause at play, at playwright, and at the man of letters who inaugurated on Saturday night with a victory the business of managing a theatre. It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate the public on the fact that the management of a London theatre has been undertaken by a man of letters—by a man like Mr. Comyns Carr—who has a variety of gifts, who has walked in more than one path with credit and even with distinction. It was well that there should come a change from the dominion of the actor-manager, that the experiment should be tried of putting a playhouse into the hands of a man who has earned a reputation as a student and a scholar, and seeing what would come of the enterprise. The actor-managers have had their way and their day, and won their garlands; their record is for all to read and marvel at. Let us see by all means what kind of a record a manager can make who has been a journalist and a critic, a disciple of the humanities, a writer of books, a zealot in certain schools of the fine arts, a man of education, and a man of the world. To all which merits may be added the merit of being a man of business. Mr. Carr has got a good theatre, he has got a good company of comedians, and he has got a play which is certainly not a good play, but which it is exceedingly probable that a large proportion of the British public will think to be a good play, And your manager who accomplishes so much shows himself to be a good man of business, whether he be actor, or author, or speculator.

The Play.

Judged by any high standard, tested by any critical tests, "Sowing the Wind" is not a good play. The remarkable efforts of a very remarkable company of players gave it all the charm of their art, of their earnestness, of their intelligence. They probably thought it a very good play; they worked at it and for it with so much ability—in certain cases with a power for which ability seems too poor a term—that they easily persuaded a first night audience, as they will probably persuade many another audience, that it was beholding a masterpiece. Even less inflammable beholders than the majority on Saturday night might well at moments be tempted by the sincerity, the truth, the pathos of the playing, to forget what the players were made to say, what the players were supposed to be doing, to accept the fallacious theory that a play must be a good play because it allows of much good acting. But if "Sowing the Wind" cannot by any stretch of complaisance be called a good play, neither could it, without injustice, be called a bad play. It is a commonplace play, cast in the mould of mediocrity, working by familiar means towards familiar ends. It certainly does not make for progress; it cannot even be said to mark time. A conventional story is developed in a conventional way; there is no element of naturalism in it from first to last; it is made according to a formula as old-fashioned as the dresses of the period in which it has pleased the author to place it. This very question of period marks at the same time one of the defects of the play as a work of art and one of the secrets of its success. There is no reason whatever why the play need be labelled, like Waverley, "'Tis Sixty Years Since." Nothing in the motive of the piece calls for the time of King William IV. any more than it does for the time of King William the Conqueror. It might be assumed that unless there was any special reason to the contrary it would be better to make a play of modern emotions modern. But the playwright gained a kind of advantage by the quaintness and the eccentricity of the costumes of sixty years ago; by the artifice of masquerade he gave to his puppets a kind of spurious grace, and he lent to his faded situations a false air of freshness with the aid of the fashion plates of 1833. Of course a dramatist has the legal right to place his play where he pleases, but to do so without any special reason is to play a kind of trick and to betray his own weakness. The costumes of 1833 serve to cloak the hollowness, the inhumanity of the figures. They resemble those strange creatures of Scandinavian folklore who viewed from the front have form and seeming but from behind are all hollow like a mask. The people of "Sowing the Wind" are all as hollow as masks; they are shams and their talk is as sham as themselves. What is to be said of a virtuous heroine, who, on being about to part from her lover, maunders into an orgie of weak imagery in which the sun, moon, and stars are made to do duty as if in an intoxicated Orrery? Did ever girl so harangue in parting from her lover as this girl does in a prose play dealing with days two generations back? And the talk is all of a piece with this—exaggerated, specious, unreal, making up in sonorous phrase for its absence of observation of reality, of humanity. In brief, "Sowing the Wind" is a sufficiently flagrant and sufficiently effective example of the manufactured piece. All the venerable dolls figure in it: the virtuous maiden who has passed untainted through twenty years of an environment of sin, the wicked nobleman, the sporting cad, the father who has sinned in his youth and whose sin finds him out, the impossible lover who is ready to believe the basest charges against his love—here, indeed, by way of variety, the author makes him behave before these charges with more meanness than is habitual to the stagey hero. They are all as old as the hills; let us admit with all heartiness that the showman manipulates the wires with skill, and that it is not his fault if we expected or hoped for something less conventional for the opening of the Comedy under its new conditions.

The Acting.

The Comedy company play their parts very well all round; in three instances they play with an excellence deserving of warmer commendation. Miss Winifred Emery has never acted so well as she acted Rosamund on Saturday night. There was a quality of passion added to her familiar grace and sweetness which seemed to breathe the very breath of life into her part, and she lent such a vitality to her sorrow and to her scorn that the heart of the most unmoved beholder was wrung with pity for the beauty and the youth so cruelly buffeted, and forgave, for the sake of the actress, even the impossible nonsense about the sun and moon and stars. Mr. Brandon Thomas, who seemed to suffer less from nervousness than we have seen him on other first performances, brought all his skill to bear upon the problem of making Mr. Brabazon interesting, and solved, or seemed to solve, the problem with success. In his scene in the third act, where, in a kind of frenzy, he dilates upon "that great duel of sex, that ancient strife which is the very central fact of life," he played with a power and dignity that served to lend something tragic to the moment when a long-expected blow falls and he learns his fate. But perhaps the palm for pure acting belongs to Mr. Cyril Maude. Miss Emery had her own gracious personality to aid her; Mr. Brandon Thomas had the showy situations and the obvious effects. But, as a piece of complete characterization logically conceived and logically carried out, Mr. Maude's interpretation of Watkin has not been surpassed in its kind in our time. It was not merely a triumph of make-up, one of those triumphs that are often cheaply earned nowadays; Mr. Maude seemed to convert himself into his old man internally as well as externally, and it might be safely said that there was not a motion, not a gesture, not a glance of the eye that was not rightly and truly done. Especially artistic was the way in which he allowed the brisk, hale, old man to age so unostentatiously and yet so definitely when he realizes all the mischief he has wrought. He seemed to wither, to lose command of the vitality that had sustained him so long, to become a ruin himself in the presence of the ruin he had wrought.

ARMY EXAM.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Dear Sir,—Thanks to the publicity given to the grievance in the columns of the press, and to the attention of the Secretary for War being directed to the matter by questions in the House of Commons, a certain amount of information as to the army examinations of the future has been vouchsafed by the Civil Service Commissioners. More, however, is required, and I venture to hope that your kind insertion of the enclosed will help us to obtain it.—Yours truly,

J. Scott Ramsay.

Oakley, Basingstoke, Sept. 26.

Take one of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS after eating, it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigour to the system. They make one feel as though life was worth living.

BEYOND GODSTOW.

The quest of beauty is commonly best rewarded when the seeker stays at home. For a scene altogether new is a mere arrangement of line and colour: a simple statement of fact, as we might say, of no more personal interest than some chronicle of the aloofness of the stars, or list of magnitudes of Californian trees. But an old scene under a new light has this further charm: that it does appeal irresistibly to this particular spectator. Colour and line are there, but for him the picture has a hundred suggested lovelinesses, and in effect appeals (as beauty should), rather to the emotions than to the eye alone. The first scene he may dutifully admire; for the other he will always be longing at some interval of his busy days elsewhere. There is no greater fallacy, in short, than this remark of a boatman to one who watched the "tuckers" dipping great baskets full of pilchards out of the full seine, to load the huge black barges: "Aye, 'tis a very pretty sight—for one that never saw it before." Yet to all rules there are exceptions; I dare believe that the city of Oxford and its neighbouring fields are less dear to natives than in the memory of those who have dwelt there only for the half of three or four years. Let us not stop to consider with what fondness a man looks back upon the social pleasures of his days as an undergraduate; to the delight of new-gained freedom, of intercourse with kindred spirits in a place where there was always something happening to cause a small excitement. The very fields are surely dearer to such an one than to another who, having long lived among them, gives them the name of home.

For, unless one has made boating a continual sacrifice of pleasure, and been frozen daily in training for the Torpids, he remembers those fields as a place where summer reigned perpetually. And, in very truth, the Summer Term at Oxford is such an epitome of the year's young loveliness as can be seen in few other places. One has left it desolate with winter floods; coming back one sees that the fields by the railway are strewn with daffodils, the hedges with pale primroses. As yet there is but little of the colour of spring in the great meadows; but the river is already bordered with a richer green, and on its banks the blue-berries are leafing. The trees are budding, birds are every where singing; and day by day the leaves outspread, until the hawthorns, the laburnums, and the chestnuts are in bloom, and one is fain to admit that summer is at hand:—

Now stands God's world perfected
'Twixt spring and summer-tide:
The last new leaf is opened,
Nor yet a flower has died.

Every day the grass rises higher in the fields, and buttercups eke out the vanishing gold of cowslips and marsh-marigolds. Down by the barges there is constant gaiety; but they are not wholly foolish whose preference is for the Upper River. Lectures are over, and one hastens to put on flannels, the blessed livery of the free; one crosses the Port Meadow, and very soon is moving without effort over quiet waters that reflect the silver and blue of the dappled sky. To be thus clad for enjoyment and in the open air is of itself to have discovered the secret of happiness; one has not gained the shadow of the Godstow elms before he is conscious of a blessed respite from all anxieties (as of impending schools) that lately troubled. He is the careless citizen of the delightful present; future and past affect him not. It seems then the accomplishing of life's end to lean upon the footbridge, watching the flow of the water. It comes, crystal-clear, and faintly yellow, over the mossy hatches to fall in sparkling form; where they have been raised it flows out swiftly and smooth, in colour a beautiful green, with curious glimpses of flying whiteness in its depths, like flaws in green spar; presently the water may move forward no longer, but is driven by its own impetus into backward-curling waves. On either side, under great elm trees, the pool lies quiet and still; now and again the lazy chub emerge and disappear, and wherever a stray sunbeam comes through the thick leafage will be seen swift-vanishing, sandy-hued ghosts or shadows, as it were, of tinier fishes. Lunch is spread in a little arbour by the water, and of all you eat you must pay tithe, if you would have quiet, to a pair of chaffinches that haunt a willow hard by.

Then, before the crowd of boats is come, you have passed through the lock, and at your leisure you may advance upon an exploration of the river-reaches. Elsewhere the land is degraded to purposes utilitarian, and if you wander from the highways the chances are you will shortly find an angry farmer demanding an explanation of your presence amid his crops. But here the land lies green and fertile, seeming to be dedicated altogether to the pleasure of the idle. You leave your boat at some drinking-place of cattle, where the wet soil is set with pink-flowered lousewort and forget-me-not, and you stroll wheresoever you will in the great meadows. If ever it please you to enjoy a more perfect indolence you may lie in the sun by the hour amid a wealth of flowers, where the tall grass momently expects the scythe; for occupation of the mind it will suffice to watch the play of yellow-wagtails along the gravelly banks. No man will call you trespasser, and those that pass upon the river are remote as if they were not. It is small wonder that men who go up to Oxford from regions that are riverless think of it afterwards as a place where life is spent in sunlight, in quiet fields by the side of clear waters. Night gives to these river-regions another loveliness. The water shines obscurely; beyond it the great meadow is but as a hedge of gloom, over and beyond which the lights of the town fill the sky with a soft radiance. The silence is absolute; so that the moving of a little wind among the poplars is a thing to listen to, the plunge of some big fish almost a startling event. Now and again a far-off cackling comes from across the water; sometimes a flock of geese rises suddenly from the dark places of the meadow, and reaches the river with many splashes and a most sacrilegious noise of cackling. And when the dawn comes at last there is infinite refreshment in the gradual sight of the clear waters and of the clean green land.

Even in winter there are attractions hardly less for all true lovers of the place. Low in the east is a pale violet haze that slowly rises in the sky as the day advances towards sunset. Unbroken solitude broods over the remoter reaches of the river. For just so long as it pleases you, you may watch the water-rat making his meal of sappy sedge; or the small birds that labour assiduously to remove the last leaves from the willows, and, if you chance to alarm them, drop from their perches with a most admirable imitation of a severed leaf that falls obliquely. The mists rise very early, and then it is easy to affect a belief in the old tales of water sprites. For here is no homogeneous atmosphere of mist, such as comes up with the rising tide in lands beside the sea, but rather a vast company of ghostly figures, pillars of thin cloud, that float and sway in a slow mysterious dance. Gradually the mists invade the fields; the willows show as blurs of dull red against the twilight, and a large melancholy sunset takes the western sky. The mists advance, like a great army of the dead, towards the low hills; and everywhere tall poplars stand solitary against the sky. This also one remembers, thinking of bygone days; and, if he have learnt wisdom, he prays that he may keep his beautiful memories, and be preserved from the folly of returning again to the place where they were gathered. For to go back in such a case is to lose the old delight in present disappointment.

THE CONSERVANCY OF THE RIVER THAMES.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—The interesting account in your issue of yesterday is not quite up to date, inasmuch as it takes no notice of the Act of last Session, under which the London County Council can appoint three additional members, and the four riparian counties of Surrey, Middlesex, Kent, and Essex one member each. Moreover, by the same Act the Conservancy Board have to introduce a bill into the next session of Parliament to consolidate and amend the public and local Acts relating to the Conservancy of the Thames. My Council is to meet specially on Monday next to elect their representative.—Yours obediently,

Sessions House, Newington, S.E., Sept. 29.E.

J. Halsey, Chairman,
Surrey County Council.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS.—CHAS. STILES and CO. offer these magnificent Pianos on the THREE YEARS SYSTEM at the most advantageous prices and terms. Apply for list to CHAS. STILES and CO., 40 and 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C.

SCIENCE NOTES.

In the winter a young man's fancy is expected to revert from thoughts of love and to turn towards science. It is hardly possible to escape from the countless institutions thirsting for his education and perchance his hard-earned guinea. The lecture season is shortly about to open, and there are signs that attendants will be more numerous than ever. How many of these will do good to their bodies by learning what is practically useful, or to their souls by learning what is not, is a problem to be discussed hereafter in connection with the whole question of the efficiency of our training colleges and technical institutions. There are not wanting critics of eminence who maintain that the present wholesale system of administering a "practical" training in laboratory courses is rotten and misleading in the extreme. But that is another story.

Who but the Dublin Water Committee would have thought of firing off rockets to bring down rain? On the 20th instant three dozen distress signals and one dozen rockets were fired into the air at Dublin with this object, and 10 lb. of tonite was exploded on the ground. "Shortly afterwards," says the report, "a copious fall occurred on the watershed between the Djouce and the Sugarloaf Mountains." There was also rain in other parts of the world, but no one dreamt at the time that the Dublin Corporation were controlling it. They thought it came in the usual way!

The tortoise is not an animal one would naturally fix upon as likely to be afraid of rain; but from an interesting article in the *Scientific American* on prescience in the lower creation we learn that it is singularly so. Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Gallapagos tortoise makes for some convenient shelter. On a bright clear morning, when not a cloud is to be seen, the denizens of a tortoise farm on the African coast may be seen sometimes heading for the nearest overhanging rocks; when that happens the proprietor knows that rain will come down during the day, and as a rule it comes in torrents. The sign never fails. This pre-sensation, to coin a word, which exists in many birds and beasts, may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming, partly by habits of living, and partly from the need of moisture which is shared by all. The American cat-bird gives warning of an approaching thunderstorm by sitting on the low branches of the dog-wood tree (whether this union of the feline with the canine is invariable the deponent sayeth not) and uttering curious notes. Other birds, including the familiar robin, it is said, give similar evidence of an impending change in the weather.

But a far more remarkable phase of sagacity—inasmuch as it implies prescience of a rare and non-natural danger—is the avoidance of cholera and cholera-infected districts by certain birds and animals. The evidence for this fact rests upon numerous recorded observations, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

In the year 1854 cholera appeared at Port Louis, Mauritius, and the epidemic was so violent that the death-rate reached 250 a day in the town itself. During this pestilence there were numerous reports current of birds, fishes, and animals dying of the disease, and several careful observers noted the fact that the "mina" bird (*Paradiseus tristis*), a common frequenter of the town, was leaving in large numbers. When the disease had slightly abated, they returned. The same thing happened on a recurrence of the pestilence two years later. During outbreaks of cholera in Guadaloupe and at Malme, in Sweden, at different periods, many domestic animals and birds quitted the scene of horror until the virulence of the disease had abated; and evidence was shown at a meeting of the French Académie des Sciences, held in July, 1850, that during a recent outbreak of cholera in Paris the horses became affected by the disease in the same way as men, and were to all appearances fully conscious of the danger.

What America cannot furnish in the way of natural wonders is hardly worth the seeking. Her supplies are inexhaustible. The mammoth cave of South Dakota, which is shown in a sort of model at the World's Fair, is a case in point. The cave was discovered some years ago by miners for the precious metals; but until recently it has never been much explored. Fourteen hundred and ninety different chambers have gradually been revealed so far, the explorers having covered more than twenty miles of passage way. The largest of these "halls" is 600 feet long, 300 ft. wide and 100 ft. high. Walls, floors, and ceilings are all composed of stalactite and crystals. This remarkable "pocket" appears to have been formed in the coniferous limestone. Its origin is attributed to a small stream which sinks into the ground seven miles above and re-emerges about four miles below, thus traversing eleven miles of underground flow. In excavating for the railway along the banks of this stream masses of remarkable crystal and dog-tooth spar, similar to the kinds found in the cavern, were turned up; which serves to confirm the theory. As the line referred to is 413 ft. below the level of the entrance to the cave, this distance would appear to indicate its depth. At present the work of exploration is not half complete, and the actual extent of the cave cannot even be calculated. It is intended to light up a portion with electric light, and reserve it as a pleasure resort for visitors.

A Havre journal publishes a request for information upon a singular phenomenon. A worthy merchant has received from Lower California, with a consignment, some remarkable seeds which move and jump about continually day and night. When touched they are quiet for a moment, just as a snail draws in its horns; but the wild dance soon continues. If the skin is pierced or cut it instantly heals again, and if the two halves of the seed are separated and then put together again, a complete junction is effected within twenty-four hours. It is probable that the phenomenon—which, unless exaggerated, is certainly one calculated to alarm a sober, respectable man—is due to the presence of a worm within the seeds. Instances of worms within nuts are well known nearer home than Mexico or California; and if the afore-mentioned agility is lacking, it can be readily explained by reference to the superior vigour and activity of tropical life.

M. Stanislas Meunier, in a recent number of the *Nouvelle Revue*, relates how M. Deslandres has succeeded in measuring the speed of travel of certain stars. The motion of the stars is revealed by the spectroscope, and photography enables it to be recorded and measured. Thus, whilst studying the displacement of the ten bright rays of Sirius, it was discovered that this star is travelling away from us at a rate of 19 kilometres (a little over 10 miles) per second. That is to say, the speed of the earth in its orbit, projected upon the beam of Sirius, measured 20.2 kilometres on the day of observation. Consequently, on that day Sirius was travelling away from the sun at the rate of 1.2 kilometre per second.

The recently-published astronomical researches of Miss Agnes M. Clerke have commanded much attention abroad. Miss Clerke found that the parallax of Alcyone, the principal star in the group of Pleiades, is 0.013 in., and that the light which it gives is 250 years in transit before it reaches the earth. These calculations are of some importance, as bearing on the distances of the different parts of the Milky Way, to which the Pleiades in all probability belong.

Half-an-hour spent in the Patent Office Library looking up the word "Motors" will, even to this day, reveal a curious crop of "perpetual motion machines." Anybody might think that if there was one fallacy more completely threshed out than others it was the old dream of trying to get more energy out of an engine than was originally put into it. Yet the *Illustrated Journal* is strewn with the wrecks of innumerable vain attempts, of which the following are some recent specimens:—

"Engine, worked by water-power, returns water back to the supply reservoir."

"Propelling ships: stern paddle-wheel driven by surrounding water and current through from bows." A charming device for utilizing the speed of the vessel before it has been obtained.

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"A drum fitted with blades is rotated in a vessel of water. The rebound of the water from the sides of the vessel on to the blades accelerates the rotation."

These are but a few hopeless instances out of many, the object of all being to produce energy without any corresponding output of energy. There is no sadder sight on earth than one of the authors of these wild schemes for defrauding nature. They are always poor and nearly always sanguine, till one day the mechanism of the over-wrought body, which has been working too long without fuel on the same uneconomic principle, gives way, and the inventor joins his weary fellows in the land of dreams.

REVIEWS.

THREE BOOKS OF SPORTS AND REMINISCENCE.*

AT a very apt time of year Captain Moray Brown offers to the public his pleasant and picturesque volumes, entitled "Stray Sport." It is in the autumn that Englishmen's thoughts most naturally turn to such subjects, and the work in question will not only fall in with their bent, and help to pass many a half-hour over the evening cigar, but may also be found of material assistance to whomsoever has yet to familiarize himself with scenes such as are here so cheerily depicted. "Stray Sport" does not aim at being a book for the literary man, in his capacity as a classic critic, or still less in that of the sedentary bookworm. But it is a book by a sportsman for sportsmen. Younger sportsmen especially will take kindly to its bright descriptions, and—so to put it—to its instruction by example. For instance, a point with Captain Moray Brown is that a day's sport, for true enjoyment, in no way depends upon the acquisition of a large bag with a minimum of exertion, as he proves and illustrates again and again, yet without unduly obtruding his text. A certain similarity, of course, runs through these accounts of hard days, and moderate bags. Each one is just a pipeful of itself. You may enjoy it, then knock out the ashes, take one pull, perhaps at an old reminiscence of your own, and so to bed.

"Stray Sport" is in two volumes. The first treats of bigger game in India—the royal tiger and the mighty boar. On the thrilling delight of riding to the latter the author is especially and infectiously enthusiastic—carries his reader with him, and brings him, as it were, into the medley without calling in the assistance of high description or sensational writing. Indeed, the whole book is written in a chatty, conversational way, much more in keeping with the taste of sportsmen than a severer style. It gives you the idea of goodfellowship, which is, or should be, an essential attribute of a sportsman. And, withal, there is plenty of humour in its pages—scarcely a chapter being without some episode that will amuse.

The directions given in the second chapter with regard to tiger shooting on foot should be read by every tyro about to undertake that not altogether unexciting pursuit. They will assist him in procuring sport, and they will add largely to the prospect of safety for himself and his retinue. One little point, we notice by the way the author has, inadvertently no doubt, omitted to call attention to, viz., the paramount necessity of letting your tiger pass by and beyond you before you take your shot. Very small cover will suffice to hide you from his notice when he is unwillingly slinking out of the jungle to the mandate of the yelling niggers and tom-toms. His whole attention will be taken up by the noise in his rear, and he is hardly likely to see you at your post, or to attack you if he does. But on receipt of your bullet he will invariably spring forward, and would probably go for any one who happened to be directly or indirectly in front of him. But he will hardly ever turn back; and you may take it that as a rule you are nearly as safe with merely a bush or a rock to protect you as if you were posted in a tree—the most awkward of all positions from which to command your ground or take your shot. The precaution we have named may be considered a most vital one.

As to the enhanced charm of shooting a tiger on foot, as compared with killing him from the back of an elephant, we are entirely in accord with the author—though, of course, as he says, there are many districts in which the latter is the only feasible method of bagging him. An elephant that can be relied upon for following up a wounded tiger is, as every shikari knows, most invaluable everywhere. On foot two steady, determined men can—indeed, ought to—secure their tiger when once he is badly hurt, but for any man to follow him up singlehanded is attended with so much risk that sooner or later the practice must inevitably bring its own reward—a more or less serious mauling.

A long chapter is devoted to discussing the "Weights and Measurements of Tigers"—a matter of frequent discussion and argument among tiger killers, and to them, therefore, if not to the inexperienced public, of considerable interest. But the chapters upon Pigsticking, bringing home as they do—even to the uninitiated—the excitement of the scrimmage and the glow of the ride, will, with Mr. Giles's charming illustrations, be found acceptable to every man fond of horse and fond of chase. To such, as well as to those whose fondness is for rifle and gun, we commend the book.

"Leaves from a Sportsman's Diary," by Parker Gillmore ("Ubique"), is, we take it, a new edition, not a new book, but none the less pleasant reading on that account. Mr. Parker Gillmore is an authority on game shooting in all parts of the world; and though many of those parts no longer afford such material for sport as in the days when these "Leaves" were green, the descriptions are lifelike and vigorous, and well repay perusal. It must not now be taken as a guide-book, without further inquiry on the part of men seeking for sport; but rather as a no doubt accurate account of what the author found at the time of his own visits.

A third book of reminiscences is attached to fishing, and is entitled "Fishing Experiences of Half a Century." It might be expected to be prolix, and it might have been very technical. It is neither one nor the other, but a most amusing compilation, for which the author has employed fishing—of which he has been a lifelong and skilled devotee—as the peg upon which to hang many a racy story and many a jovial incident. In a brief volume he has compressed a variety that includes everything from alligator-catching in Ceylon to foxhunting in county Cork, told with a pithiness that instances the happiest form of wit.

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* "Stray Sport." By J. Moray Brown. (Blackwood and Sons.)

"Leaves from a Sportsman's Diary." By Parker Gillmore ("Ubique.") (W. H. Allen and Co.)

"Fishing Experiences of Half a Century." By Major F. Powell Hopkins. Illustrated by the Author. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

"LORD LYNTON'S Ward." By Helena Brooks. (London: Jarrold and Sons.)—If a somewhat vague recollection be correct, a favoured type of children's book is that wherein a little boy—fantastically dressed—is brought into contact with a stern, elderly person—a peer for choice—whose heart he touches ultimately by his naïve questions about politics. To this type "Lord Lynton's Ward" belongs, and is a tolerable specimen. The child has long hair and a wavy collar, and always speaks the truth, and is perfectly self-satisfied, and will probably be "jolly well kicked" when he goes to a public school. The stern peer has been a great soldier, and was (apparently as a consequence) inclined to bully his ward. But the child's refusing to give the key of the cabinet to the wicked heir (who, by the way, had not the family name) brought him round, and he is quite kind now. He wears a tall hat in the country and a greatcoat with (we think) velvet cuffs; the illustrator's name is not mentioned. The peculiarity of the story is that the villain of it is the private tutor—a giddy eminence for an unassuming class.

"The Girl Musician." By Miriam Young. (London: Digby Long.)—Here the villain is a lawyer's clerk, which is more natural and business-like. In a certain sense, "Queenie," the heroine of the tale, is an unconscious type of the period, for as a child "having heard about the loves of Shelley, Harriet and Mary, she wanted to read about them herself," and being bored with her home left it to set up for herself in London. She played the violin in the streets; but nothing very unfortunate happened to her, except that when she had come into the money of the grumpy old man (whose heart, &c.), the lawyer's clerk wanted to marry her. But she preferred somebody else in the last chapter, although he had been missing since Chapter II. There is but one other young woman of the least importance, but the authoress contrives to muddle up their names on page 223. We credit her with having intended the thing for very young persons, but even so it is remarkably silly.

"Fergus MacTavish." By J. Macdonald Oxley, LL.B. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)—This is an excellent boys' book. The boy himself is a sturdy, pleasant little chap, and human enough to be intoxicated on one occasion. The scene is laid "in the far North-West," and there are readable accounts of Indians and half-breeds, and of adventures with buffaloes and bears. The boy ends by becoming a missionary to the Indians; and there is necessarily a religious air about the narrative, not, however, of the sort to deter the readers for whom the book is intended.

HOW TO FARM AT A PROFIT.

A YORKSHIREMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

THERE is living in Yorkshire at the present time a farmer who, in these days of agricultural depression, may justly claim to rank as a phenomenon. He started life without a penny in the world, and has never received help of any sort or kind; yet he is now the master of a comfortable house and well-stocked farm, and is making a good income. He is quite an uneducated man, for he was born before school boards existed; but he has keen eyes and deft fingers, and knows by instinct how to use them. At an age when most of his kind have no thought beyond cricket, he was earning his own living. He worked first as an odds-and-ends boy, and then as an agricultural labourer; and, by the time he was four-and-twenty he had saved five pounds. On the strength of this capital he married, and took a place as hind. He managed to lay by nearly £100 during the seven years he held this post, for he added to his wages by boarding two labourers. He then rented forty acres of land and set up as a farmer on his own account.

All the stock he had to begin with was a horse, a cow, a few pigs, and some cocks and hens. Before long, however, he bought two more cows, as he found there was a ready sale for milk in the neighbourhood. He had a terribly hard struggle at first to make both ends meet; for crops were none too good even in those days, and his rent proved a heavy drain on his resources. He was lucky with his calves, however, and his wife with her fowls and butter, so things soon began to improve. And well they might, for the pair were hard at work all day, early and late. When the end of the year came round, after defraying all expenses, the man found he had a small balance in hand, in addition to the £100 he had invested as working capital. His first year's experience as a farmer convinced him that it was no use trying in Yorkshire to make money by corn-growing; if the thing were to be done at all, it must be by cattle-rearing and dairying. All the money, therefore, he could scrape together he invested in live stock. He worked his forty acres for seven years, and at the end of that time he was so well content with his undertaking that he decided to extend his operations. Thirteen years ago this autumn, therefore, he removed to his present farm, which consists of some two hundred acres.

He is now living in one of the prettiest farmhouses in Yorkshire. It is covered with roses and honeysuckle in summer, and stands in a beautifully trim old-fashioned garden. The stables, cow-houses, and sheds are well built and in good condition; the farm implements are of the most approved modern invention, and in the dairy there is a separator. There is an air of comfort and prosperity about the whole place, and evidence at every turn that there is no lack of capital. Sixty-six acres of the land are pasture, 26 are sown with turnips and mangold-wurzel, 24 with clover, 15 with potatoes, and 69 with corn. The corn, the farmer is careful to explain, is there chiefly for the sake of its straw. All the land is clean, well-drained, and well-manured, and bears unmistakable proofs of careful, intelligent cultivation. The present farm stock consists of 15 horses, 42 head of cattle, 120 sheep, 46 pigs, and 100 fowls. They are all in good condition, and look as if they were both well fed and well tended. Not only has the farmer been able to keep his stock entirely free from debt, but he has laid by money as a provision for old age. Not so much as he would like, he says, still enough to keep him and his wife out of the workhouse, even if every head of cattle he owns were swept away to-morrow. And this is the result of twenty years' farming on land for which, until this year, he has paid a rent of £3 an acre, and is now paying £2 10*s*.

The farmer was asked the other day how it is that he has been so much more prosperous that his neighbours. The great majority of small farmhouses in his part of the country have a terribly poverty-stricken appearance. "It's all hard work, careful management, and a thrifty wife," he replied. "No, luck has nought to do with it." And he proceeded forthwith to show how it is quite possible, even in these days when things are as bad as bad can be, for a man to make a fair income at farming, always providing he is ready to work both with his head and his hands, to plan and contrive as well as to plough. In opposition to most Yorkshire farmers, he pins his faith to horse-breeding as a source of profit. A good share of the money he has cleared, he says, has been made by rearing horses—cart horses, *nota bene*, not racers or hunters. His horses cost him, he calculates, £5 each a year; and he sells them when they are five years old at an average price of £40, thus clearing £15 on each sale. Nothing will induce him to part with a calf before it is two years old, for while its keep costs him only £3 10*s*. a year he can sell it then, as a rule, for £14 at least—that is, for double what he has spent on its food. Pigs, too, he holds to be a most satisfactory source of income. He can feed a sow and a litter of eight for something like 11*s*. a week, and at the present time he can sell the little pigs when they are two months old for a sovereign each. This year, however, the money he has had in sheep has proved his most profitable investment. His sheep, he counts, cost him at the rate of 5*d*. a week, or, by the time they are a year old, when he sells them, £1 1*s*. 8*d*. each. This season he received 45*s*. each for his flock—viz., 38*s*. for the sheep itself, and 7*s*. for its wool. Thus he gained £1 3*s*. 4d. on each sheep, or something more than 100 per cent. on his outlay. This is, of course, without making any allowance for rent, wages, interest on capital, &c. Wages are a very heavy item, for six men and a boy are in constant employment on the farm. Still, when all expenses are defrayed it is evident that a good margin for profit must remain over.

There is money, too, to be made by milk, it seems; though not so much as there used to be. Thirteen years ago, Yorkshire farmers had a shilling a gallon for their milk; now many of them have to be content with sevenpence or eightpence. This special farmer sells his milk and makes it into butter on alternate days. As his wife is a notable dairy-woman, he finds a ready market for his butter, in spite of Danish competition. He is inclined to grumble, though, at present prices, for they leave but a scant allowance for profit. Indeed, he doubts whether there would be any profit at all worth having, if it were not that he has a separator—the only one in the district. It cost him £27, and cleared itself within the year, for by using it he obtains 15 per cent. more cream from his milk than he did by the old skimming process.

Notwithstanding his own prosperity, this farmer takes a gloomy view of the prospects of agriculture in the north. Things are going from bad to worse, he maintains, and the fault lies neither in the land nor yet in the landlords. "It's all the fault of the farmers themselves," he said. "They won't keep up with the times, they cling to old-fashioned methods, and pride themselves on farming just as their great-grandfathers did. And that sort of thing won't do now that American wheat is in the market. If you would like to know what the farmers about here want the State to do for them, why it's just this. They want the land rent free, and capital advanced wherewith to work it. Aye, and some of them wouldn't make their farms pay even then."

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THE WARES OF AUTOLYCUS.

What a climate! Last Sunday furs and overcoats were almost universally worn. Yesterday white waistcoats and summer-like gowns were the order of the day. In the park it really seemed as if summer was back in town. The Row was quite crowded, and even a goodly number of well-dressed individuals passed up and down the walk so long recognized as Church Parade. In the enclosure many little knots of people were gathered together, and the collector of pennies found passing occupation, for the warm weather tempted not a few to occupy the seats which were once again placed in position. No smart gowns were noticed, but a curious and unusual sight was two Indian ladies, who sat near the Achilles Statue clothed in garments of native texture and native hue, over which hung in striking contrast the not altogether elegant but often useful covering known as the Shetland ulster. A sharp shower between one and two o'clock scattered the promenaders, and the cabmen seemed for the nonce to be making up for bad times.

Private views in September, even if they be at the New Gallery, can scarcely compete with similar gatherings in the spring. Accordingly we did not expect to see the "Arts and Crafts" crowded with beauty and fashion. And in this our anticipation proved correct. But Saturday afternoon seems to be a leisure time with all sorts and conditions of men and women, and if the upper ten thousand were but poorly represented there was a good sprinkling of people from the working ranks of art and literature to see and admire the samples of industry which a critical committee had gathered together in the Regent-street picture gallery. A foreigner, however, would scarcely have gone away with the idea that Londoners were wont to wear the high hat, as the headgear of the majority of the men present consisted either of the soft felt or the bowler kind so familiar in Socialistic circles and seaside resorts. Here and there the flannel shirt made its appearance; while one gentleman, evidently fresh from Switzerland or Scotland, appeared in knickerbockers and stockings, with Tyrolese hat. Another guest attired after the fashion of a well-known Scotch member of Parliament attracted some notice.

A few of the foreign journalists that had remained behind after the festivities of the Institute were present, as also were the more prominent members of the æsthetic school. Mr. Oscar Wilde, fresh from lionizing at Dinard, might be seen discussing matters of import with Mr. Bernard Shaw; but in place of a lily he wore a red rose in his buttonhole. Here and there some pretty costumes were visible. A lady, not unlike Lady Brooke, wore a becoming black gown trimmed with jet, and an écru lace cape. Another noticeable dress was a purple velvet trimmed with lace, and large hat with feathers, while a bronze and pink well suited its wearer, who wore a sweet little bonnet to match. As a rule, brown, green, and black were the favourite colours, and these appeared over and over again. In spite, however, of the artistic and workmanlike nature of the gathering, a certain number of the guests, to judge by their remarks, could scarcely be said to be at one with the promoters of the undertaking. For example, it would have been a little disheartening to the carver of the marble mantel had he heard it described as "awfully jolly;" while the common remark, "What do you think of the show?" was hardly the kind of question one expected to hear at an exhibition of this kind.

Saturday evening saw a great gathering of the clans at the Comedy Theatre, and not a little curiosity was evinced to see what sort of play Mr. Comyns Carr would put upon the boards. When the curtain went up there was scarcely a vacant seat in the house, while numbers had to be turned away for want of space. The theatre has been very prettily decorated, and if only the "way out" notices had not been pasted on the mirrors the artistic look of the interior would have been complete. By a singular coincidence the atmosphere in the stalls was unusually hot, while the air in the boxes was deliciously cool. Every one in town was present. A lady handsomely attired in black with écru lace, accompanied by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Arthur Chappell, occupied the stage box. In another was a well-known lady prettily gowned in pink with a green velvet zouave edged with silver. In the stalls, art, literature, and science were represented. Some little amusement was caused when it was seen that Mr. Corney Grain and Mr. George Grossmith were sitting in the same row. Mr. C. F. Gill represented the bar. The dress on the stage is that of sixty years ago, but in some cases, so far as the ladies were concerned, it is not altogether unlike the fashion of the present day. The gowns worn by Miss Winifred Emery are all of a more or less simple kind, but all are most becoming and well chosen. Even the white frock which she wears in the last scene shows that much care had been bestowed on its creation.

The exodus from Scotland has begun. People are leaving their summer quarters, and in a few days only shooters will be left in the north. A few house parties, however, have not yet broken up. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are entertaining visitors at Langholme Lodge, whither the Duke and the Ladies Katherine and Constance Scott have gone from Dalkeith. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Menzies have a large party at Hallyburton, including Lady Jersey and her daughter, the Earl of Feversham and Lady Ulrica Duncombe, and Sir Archibald Edwards, while the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge and Grand Duke Paul of Russia are on a short visit to the Queen at Balmoral.

Jewel robberies are so frequent just now that it seems hardly necessary to warn ladies not to leave their valuables on their dressing-tables, and yet had a certain lady in London not done so a few days since she would be the richer now by several hundreds of pounds. It appears that a couple of well-dressed men are in the habit of going about in streets where first-class lodging-houses are situated and asking to see the rooms, with a view of hiring them for their friends in the country. Of course they want to see the rooms that are occupied, and, with some excuse or another, prevail upon the landlady to show them; or, if the occupants are in, and not occupying the bedrooms, they beg permission just to look at the sleeping apartments. By some means or other they get separated during the inspection, and the unsuspecting landlady meanwhile expatiates upon the conveniences of her apartments to the one who remains with her. Soon they rejoin one another, and after a few pleasant remarks disappear with the contents of the dressing-tables. One of these "gentlemen" has just fallen into the hands of the police, and this is the tale that will be told at the trial. But what, as the song says, does it benefit her if the man gets imprisoned for a year if she does not get back her jewels?

We have heard lately a great deal about the bad times the cabmen are having, but we have heard little about the bad cabs the public are compelled to put up with. Why should a broken-down hansom with a weed of a horse be allowed to charge the same fare as a smart hansom with a fast horse? Why should a draughty four-wheeler and a neat little carriage be placed on the same footing? Surely some classification might be made. If the fares are too low, then make first and second class cabs, and let the prices be fixed in proportion. A driver with a good cab would not then have to depend on his fare for an extra sixpence, he will be able to demand it as a right; while the driver of a second-class cab will know that he can expect nothing more than his shilling. Some of the cabs now crawling about the metropolis are a disgrace to London, and ought to be taken off the street. Another reform is sixpenny fares. There is no doubt they would pay, especially in wet weather. In these days of companies it is strange that the project has not been long ago started.

A writer in a well-known ladies' journal published in Paris is explaining to the French public the benefit of "Le Tub" from a hygienic point of view. Apparently he does not look upon a daily bath as an ordinary part of a lady's toilet since he says the "tub" is not only to be recommended from the standpoint of health, but it is useful for cleansing purposes, as in these days few ladies have time for a bath. His directions are somewhat amusing. The patient is to get a bucket of water, a big sponge, and a flat zinc "tub," placing it for convenience in an outhouse or disused stable. Then support yourself by a chair or table, or if you like obtain the assistance of your husband or ladies' maid. Then with six "coups" of the sponge at the back, front, and side, douche the body with cold water. The whole process, he explains, should not occupy more than twenty to twenty-five seconds. It would seem from the above the French notion of a cold bath is of a somewhat elementary order.

BORD'S PIANOS.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15*s.* per month (Second-hand 10*s.* 6*d.* per month), on the THREE YEARS SYSTEM. Illustrated List free of CHAS. STILES and CO, 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

THE VOICES OF THE MORNING.

Professor Jowett's career is the subject of laudatory leading articles in most of the morning papers. Satisfaction is expressed by most at the new treaty between France and Siam. The *Standard* and *Morning Post* do not approve of the circular issued by the Local Government Board with regard to the unemployed, but it is more sympathetically received in other quarters.

FRANCE AND SIAM.

"The settlement come to yesterday between the French Plenipotentiary and the Court of Bangkok," says the *Times*, "is probably as favourable to the vanquished as any prostrate enemy of France has a right to expect. It consists of three parts, a draft treaty, a convention, and a *procès verbal*, which accompanies the latter. The treaty is said to be comparatively satisfactory to Siam. It is believed to carry out with substantial fairness the terms of the original ultimatum presented by France. Those terms were undoubtedly onerous, but, as Siam saw herself constrained to accept them, the treaty apparently does not afford her any fresh grounds for complaint. . . . But, if France had moderated the terms of the treaty, she has taken care to secure considerable advantages by the convention. It will be remembered that it is by the convention now in force that she holds Chantaboon, and that Chantaboon is a key to the provinces which M. de Lanessan has taught his countrymen to regard as their destined inheritance. But the convention now in force gave her the custody of that key merely pending the fulfilment of conditions which either have been fulfilled already or are now on the point of fulfilment. Under its provisions, which furnish her only justification for being in Chantaboon at all, she would be bound to quit that long-coveted position within the next few weeks. The new convention has postponed this disagreeable necessity. The French are to remain in occupation of Chantaboon not only until the left bank of the Mekong has been completely evacuated and pacified, but also until the complete evacuation and pacification of the neutral zone. The *procès verbal*, however, makes it quite clear that the occupation under the new convention, like the occupation under the old convention, is altogether transitory and conditional. Any other tenure of such a position would, of course, be repugnant to the assurances given to Great Britain by France in relation to the preservation of the integrity and independence of Siam."

WHAT PROFESSOR JOWETT TAUGHT.

"The habits of mind and conduct which Jowett taught," says the *Times*, "have permeated the Oxford of their day, and have been scattered from that centre over the English-speaking world. We see them embodied in the characters of many distinguished men; we trace them more or less clearly in the voices of recognized leaders of opinion; but in the wider and less conspicuous field where they have been most fertile they perforce elude our notice. Not till the memoirs and the letters of this generation see the light will it be possible in any degree to measure and appraise the forces which have emanated from Balliol for so many years. The seed was sown broadcast; we know that it has taken deep root in many minds, and has shot forth strong tendrils in unexpected places. The lives of T. H. Green and R. L. Nettleship have shown us how fair might be its fruits when it fell in kindly soil. For the general harvest we must wait and hope."

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL'S LIBERALISM.

"Mr. Jowett's Liberalism was religious and not political, or at least religious rather than political," observes the *Daily News*. "His exclusion from the pulpit of St. Mary's before he became Master, and therefore entitled to preach there, together with the foolish and bigoted resistance to the provision of an adequate salary for the Greek Chair because he happened to be professor of Greek, taught him the value of intellectual freedom, But he seemed to think with Voltaire, that so long as literary men could say what they liked the rights of mankind were sufficiently secured. The horrors of Turkish misgovernment in Eastern Europe excited in him no sympathy. The demand of the Irish people to manage their own affairs drew from him only counsels of stubborn resistance. He became in politics more Conservative as the years rolled on, and less disposed to recognize the value of responsibility. He never took a prominent part in public life. But his personal influence in Oxford and out of it was cast against the party which Mr. Gladstone leads. Many Oxford Liberals, of whom, perhaps, Mr. Jowett was one, never forgave Mr. Gladstone for the tardiness of his conversion to the removal of University tests. Implacability is foolish, and the thing probably could not have been done before Mr. Gladstone did it. Nevertheless Mr. Gladstone's conduct was open to criticism, and Mr. Jowett had something to say for himself."

THE MUNICIPALITIES AND THE COAL STRIKE.

"We asked the other day," says the *Chronicle*, "how much longer the railway and gas shareholders were going to pay an exorbitant figure for their coal to gratify the owners who have calmly repudiated their contracts. And this is a question which concerns the ratepayers of some of the greatest cities in the country every bit as much as these shareholders. The people of Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, and Manchester are paying thousands of pounds a week extra for their gas because the municipal gasworks are unable to obtain the supply which the coalowners of the Midlands are under contract to deliver to them. We hope that the meeting of the Mayors of Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Derby, and other towns which has been called to-day at the instance of the Mayor of Sheffield will take a strong line upon this matter. The warning which we uttered last year about the folly of municipalities beating down the price of coal to a level which threatened a living wage has been justified. The time has come now for amending these contracts in accordance with the municipal spirit of the times—in a word, for giving effect to the fair contract policy which not a few of the municipalities concerned have actually pledged themselves to. Let the mayors at their meeting to-day resolve upon this course, and we believe they will carry the citizens with them. To strengthen their hands we would suggest that the Trades Council in every industrial centre where the municipal gasworks are involved should ask the mayor at once to summon a town's meeting to come to a decision upon the matter. No one wants to bribe the coalowners, whose cut-throat policy has landed the country in this difficulty. But in so far as the municipalities have had any complicity in creating a demand for a reduction in wages they ought to make good the difference. If the mayors can persuade the railway companies to take action on the same line, they will do a great public service."

WORK FOR THE STARVING.

Commenting on the circular of the Local Government Board, the *Telegraph* says:—"There may be some rigid economists who will be inclined to look upon this policy of finding work for the workless as a dangerous principle to adopt, and among many people who do not profess any acquaintance with the 'dismal science,' there will be a feeling of doubt as to where the system will ultimately land us. No real alarm, however, need be felt. The occasional assistance of local authorities in pressing on work which needs doing, in order to provide winter employment, is something essentially different from any form of Socialism. The State is already an employer of labour, and so in a lesser degree is every municipal body in the kingdom: but there is a considerable difference between this and the Socialist ideal of the State being the only employer and the sole possessor of all the means of production and distribution. If we look at the matter carefully, we find that the principle upon which the Local Government Board is now acting is not at all the principle that the State is bound to find employment for every citizen, but the principle that the State is bound to prevent any citizen from starving. It is, in fact, an extension of the ordinary poor law theory, a new application of the principle which has been recognized among us for at least three hundred years."

THE CHURCH AND THE LIBERATIONISTS.

"The Church Congress, which commences its sittings to-morrow at Birmingham, meets this year," the *Standard* says, "in circumstances of unusual interest and, for sincere friends of the Church, of unusual anxiety. The forces that have long been actively employed against the traditional and time-honoured union of Church and State in this country have of late redoubled their activity, stimulated to fresh vigour both by past success and by the hopes held out to them of future triumphs. . . . Both in Scotland and in Wales, but in Wales more especially, the Liberationist movement is fully as much political and social as theological; and whatever forces tend to strengthen Conservatism throughout the kingdom will incidentally tend to the maintenance of the union of Church and State. We are well aware that there are politicians who calculate on the more advanced section of the Liberal Unionists—Mr. Chamberlain and his followers in particular—being greatly embarrassed by the question when it comes to the front. But they overlook the fact that Liberal Unionism has in this respect become more Conservative and cautious, just as in others Conservatism has become more Liberal. We see no reason, therefore, why the Church Congress should not face and debate these various questions with courage and hopefulness. In these days of realism and utilitarianism, institutions are judged, for the most part, by their fruits; and if the Established Church can show, not only that it is doing good work, but that its beneficent operations are continually increasing in extent and augmenting in vigour, its position should remain, for many a year to come, impregnable. Upon this ground the Church of England need shrink from no amount of scrutiny and investigation."

Pall Mall Gazette Office,

18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

The Duke and Duchess of York will arrive in Edinburgh at 8.30 this evening. The Castle, the houses in the Old Town, and Princes-street are to be illuminated, and there will be displays of fireworks from the Castle Esplanade and Calton Hill.

The Duke of Connaught, who is residing at Bagshot Park, goes on Friday to Portsmouth to wind up the affairs of his command. On Monday next the Duke will succeed Sir Evelyn Wood in the command at Aldershot. Sir Evelyn then goes to the War Office to take over the duties of Quarter-master-General from Sir Robert Biddulph, the new Governor of Gibraltar.

Viscount Drumlanrig is to be the Lord-in-waiting on the Queen from to-morrow until the 17th, when he will be replaced by Lord Camoys.

The Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe has replaced the Dowager-Duchess of Athole as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, who are entertaining a shooting party at Langholm Lodge, Dumfriesshire, will proceed shortly to Drumlanrig Castle for a brief stay.

The Duke of Norfolk is again to be the guest of the Sheffield Cutlers at the annual feast on November 2, while Earl Spencer, Lord Roberts, and Sir Courtenay Boyle have also accepted invitations, and further it is hoped that the Archbishop of York will be present. The new Master Cutler is Mr. G. Howson.

The Countess of Jersey and Lady Margaret Villiers, who have been staying at Newburgh Park, Yorkshire, on a visit to Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell, are now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Menzies at Hallyburton House, Forfarshire.

General Lord Roberts is at present staying at Raith House, Fifeshire, on a visit to Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., who is a son-in-law of the Marquis of Dufferin.

Lord Rowton arrived on Friday evening at Glenfernate Lodge, Perthshire, on a visit to the Earl of Ilchester, who has taken a sublet of that place and the excellent shootings which appertain to it from Sir John Heathcoat Amory, who leases it from the Duke of Athole.

The Earl and Countess of Buckinghamshire, Lord Cecil Manners, Miss Rowley, and Mr. and Mrs. Newenham are the guests of Sir Hugh and Lady Cholmeley at Easton Park, and some excellent shooting has been enjoyed over the well-stocked preserves.

Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., has been entertaining a shooting party since Thursday at Bolton Priory Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's seat in Yorkshire, including the Earl of Derby, Prince Adolphus of Teck, Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, Lord Stanley, M.P., Mr. William Egerton, and Mr. Richard Cavendish.

The Earl of Wharncliffe is staying at Meikleour House, Perthshire, on a visit to the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne. Lord Wharncliffe is visiting his Forfarshire and Perthshire estates, and he has called on many of his principal tenants during the last few days.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will be the guest during the Congress week of Lord Norton; the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Worcester of Mr. W. E. Chance; the Bishop of London of Mr. Alderman Barrow; the Bishop of Ripon of Mr. T. H. Shorthouse; the Bishop of Peterborough of Sir James Sawyer; the Bishop of Chester of the Suffragan Bishop of Coventry; the Bishop of Sodor and Man of the Rev. F. Gell; the Dean of Worcester of Mr. J. D. Goodman; the Dean of Lincoln of the Rev. J. Pollock; and the Deans of Christchurch and Wells of Mr. Harding Milward, at Bromsgrove.

Sir William and Lady Marriott have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe, at the Hall, Stamford-on-Soar, during the last few days.

To-day the memorial to the Archbishop of York (Dr. Magee) by Mr. W. Forsyth, already described in our columns, will be unveiled by Earl Spencer in Peterborough Cathedral in the presence of the Bishop, Dean and Chapter, and a large gathering of leading clergy and laity.

M. Zola on this and on that topic was, it must be admitted, well exploited last week. Therefore to read somebody on M. Zola is a change, although perhaps only slightly so. This is what Alphonse Daudet has to say about the distinguished author and his liking, or want of it, for music:—"Zola has a vague recollection of having once been able to play some piece, but he doesn't now know what it is." "Generally speaking," he goes on to state, "all men of letters hate music. Everybody knows Gautier's opinion of 'the most expensive of all noises.' Hugo, Bauville, and Saint Victor thought the same thing. Goncourt used to pucker up his nose; while our excellent Flaubert pretended to be very fond of it merely to humour Tourguéneff." A Philistine indictment indeed.

There exists in England a very deep-rooted belief among a certain class, that only in a land possessing a hereditary legislative body do office and influence pass from father to son. Senator Donald Cameron, of Pennsylvania, who last week threw a bombshell into the anti-silver camp by coming out in favour of free coinage of silver, is a striking illustration of family power in politics, even in a land where the division between classes and masses is theoretically wiped out.

Senator Cameron's father was elected to the United States Senate in 1845. He was Lincoln's first Secretary of War, later American Minister to Russia, and after that, three times re-elected to the Senate. His son Donald began his political life in his father's old position of Secretary of War. When he left this office, his father resigned from the Senate, and the son was chosen to fill his place, and since then has been three times re-elected. His brother-in-law Wayne McVeigh, was a member of Garfield's Cabinet, as Attorney-General.

Here are three cabinet portfolios, a foreign mission, and seven terms in the United States Senate, all held by members of one family in two generations. And this did not occur in a Western state, whose population was small and choice therefore limited, but in the second State of the Union, and out of a population of 5,250,000 citizens of that State.

Mr. J. Cowasjee Jehangir, who has just made a handsome gift to the Imperial Institute, is the nephew and adopted heir of the late Sir Cowasjee Jehangir. He is a Parsee, and belongs to a wealthy family which has for several generations been engaged in the Bombay trade. Sir Cowasjee Jehangir was a munificent supporter of charitable and educational institutions.

News comes from India of the death, after a short illness, at Bangalore, of Captain George Mowbray Dalrymple Lys, of the 1st Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment. The deceased officer, who had just attained his thirty-fourth year, joined the 48th Regiment, in which his father had served some time before, in 1878, and, at the time of his death, was senior captain of the battalion. In 1881 he volunteered for service with the 58th Regiment in the Transvaal campaign. He was very popular with all ranks in his battalion, and his sudden death has cast a gloom over the cantonment.

The Rev. Dr. Crosskey, the well-known Unitarian minister of Birmingham, died yesterday at the age of sixty-seven. For nearly a quarter of a century he took an active part in the educational, political, and social movements of the city, and was an energetic Liberal until 1886, when he broke with his party. Geology was one of his favourite studies. In his early days Dr. Crosskey was located in Glasgow, and he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Glasgow University.

Is there no chance, writes a correspondent, of our escaping the employment of the horrible, illogical, and misleading term, "adopted father"? In Mr. Sidney Grundy's new play, "Sowing the Wind," one Mr. Brabazon fills the rôle of what the Germans call "adoptiv-vater" (an ungainly expression, true enough, and the French "père adoptif" is no better). The *Referee* critic uses "adopted father," and doubtless to-morrow half the papers will follow suit. "Father by adoption" smacks somehow of mediævalism, but is at least correct, if pedantic.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

SCHWEPPE'S IN BOTTLES and in their Patent PORCELAIN-LINED SYPHONS.

TABLE

AS SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN. WATERS.

COURT THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH.—EVERY EVENING, at 9, a Three-act Farce, being an English version of the great Parisian success, "Champignol Malgré Lui," entitled THE OTHER FELLOW, by Fred Horner. Messrs. Charles Groves, C. H. Brookfield, Weedon Grossmith, Wilfred Draycott, H. De Lange, W. Wyes, Compton Coutts, R. Nainby, Charles Burleigh, Seymour Hicks, Sydney Warden, E. Bertram, &c. Misses Pattie Brown, Marianne Caldwell, M'Intosh, Ellaline Terriss. Preceded at 8.15 by HIS LAST CHANCE. Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss. Doors open at 7.45. Box-office now open. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 7, at 3 o'clock. Doors open 2.30.

STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN.
MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS'S SEASON OF 2 WEEKS. Electric Success.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. SATURDAY MATINEE, at 2.30. A Musical Farcical Nondescript in Two Acts, entitled
A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.
Words by GEORGE DANCE, Music by JOHN CROOK.
Mr. Arthur Roberts and Company.

PALACE THEATRE.—Open at 7.30. TO-NIGHT at 10.15, SCARAMOUCHE, Pantomime Ballet. Mdlle. Riganti, Miss Hoby, Signors Balbiani and Albertieri, and Corps de Ballet. IDA FULLER, Peggy Pryde, Lieut. Travis, Rose Dearing, W. Morgan, Ryland and Golden, Florrie Leybourne, The Edwardos, O'Gust, John Callan, The Floradors. A PAL O' ARCHIE'S, supported by Miss Lena Delphine and Miss Ada Blanche, Mr. H. C. Barry, and Mr. Morgan.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION of GARDENING and FORESTRY, and CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW (2,500 free seats). BAND of H.M. SCOTS GUARDS, and FOUR OTHER BANDS. Beautiful ILLUMINATIONS. Admission ONE SHILLING. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

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WORLD'S WATER SHOW, EARL'S COURT.
LAST WEEKS of the SUCCESS and SENSATION of the SEASON. TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 8, RAIN or SHINE. Admission to Grand Stand, 6d. to 5s., and 2,000 Free Seats.

ART GALLERY.

NEW GALLERY.—The FOURTH ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION OPENS THIS DAY. Admission, 1s.
S. C. COCKERELL, Secretary.

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The advertisements can be repeated at the same rates in the PALL MALL BUDGET, *the Weekly Edition of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

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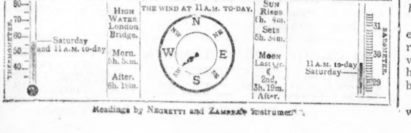
WEATHER FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.
South England (with London and Channel).—South-westerly winds, light to fresh; changeable, some showers.



Readings by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA'S Instruments.

FOURTH EDITION.

FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

"VALKYRIE'S" TRIAL ON SATURDAY.

EXPERTS' VIEWS ON THE COMING STRUGGLE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(PER ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM.]

NEW YORK, Sunday.—Contrary to expectations, Lord Dunraven was not on board *Valkyrie* when she had her final trial trip on Saturday—although half of the journals of New York chronicled on Sunday morning his extreme satisfaction with the way his boat behaved. As a matter of fact, the Earl spent Saturday and to-day in Boston. He left the Grand Central Depot at ten o'clock, and by the time he reaches the metropolis to-morrow *Valkyrie* will be in dry dock at Erie Basin.

The White Star tug *Pulver*, flying *Valkyrie's* owner's colours, arrived at Bay Ridge at 11.30 on Saturday morning, and a party of Lord Dunraven's friends, consisting of Lord Wolverton, H. Maitland Kersey, the Hon. William Kerr, designer Watson, and sailmaker Ratsey, boarded a launch and were taken out to the English Cup-seeker. Captain Cranfield issued orders to hoist the mainsail, and the shrouds were immediately covered with canvas-jacketed sailors, who again went through their curious morning gymnastic exercises of riding down to the deck on her peak and throat halliards. The mainsail was slowly hoisted in place. Soon afterward the burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron was run up to her peak, and a second later, as the anchor chain was walked aft, the jib was broken out, and at 12.30 she sailed away on the port tack. As soon as she got sufficient headway she came about on the starboard tack, and with her boom eased off a trifle to port she stood off down the Narrows. There was a good breeze from the north-north-east when she started, and every one supposed that she would take a try at the outside course, but they were disappointed, as she only went out just beyond the point of the Hook, as on Friday.

Valkyrie was headed straight down the bay at first, but Lord Wolverton and designer Watson discovered the *Umbria* at anchor off Quarantine, and as they had friends on board who had come over here for the especial purpose of seeing the Cup races they thought it would be a good idea to go over there and let them have a view of *Valkyrie* under sail. So the Dunraven cutter was sailed over to the Staten Island shore, and passed right under the Cunarder's stern, coming up on the port side, and then stood over towards Coney Island. She was greeted with cheers as she passed and created quite a favourable impression by the easy manner in which she slipped through the short, choppy sea.

As she passed through the Narrows she set her gafftopsail, and after saluting the *Umbria* her staysail was broken out as well, and she stood off for Tompkinsville. Then she came about again, and went down the Narrows. At 1.15 she passed Fort Hamilton, and the northerly breeze seemed to be dying out for awhile. On reaching the lower bay the cutter made for the east channel, but at 1.36 she gybed over on the starboard tack. A little later she eased her mainsail broad off, and although the wind was light it seemed to show signs of increasing. At 1.40 she took in her mainsail a little, and she hardly seemed to move in the light air. The buoy 10, eight miles from Bayridge, was passed at 1.47, and the cutter was then headed for the main ship channel, and under the rapidly-increasing breeze she began to get a great move on.

After passing the south-west spit buoy she was headed out past the point of the Hook, and the wind kept on increasing in force until a good twenty-five-mile-an-hour gale sent her along at a twelve-knot clip. There was not much of a roll on, but a short choppy sea wetted her deck fore and aft. She seemed to heel over more than on Friday, but considering the puffy breeze she stood up to her work very well. At 2.30 *Valkyrie* started for home through the Swash Channel, making short tacks all the way up to the Narrows. She arrived at her anchorage off the Atlantic Yacht Club-house at 4.30 o'clock, having made the stretch from the middle channel buoy in 1 h. 40 min. against a strong ebb tide and northerly breeze.

Lieutenant Henn, of *Galatea*, spent to-day as the guest of the Larchmont Yacht Club. When asked his opinion of *Valkyrie*, he said she was the fastest boat that ever came from England to try for the Cup, and added that if she did not win it would be the fault of the boat, as Captain Cranfield, her sailmaster, was second to none; and, in addition, she had a magnificent crew.

In speaking of the coming race for the Cup, he said: "When I sailed for it in 1886 I sailed over an inside course and only had two chances out of three. *Valkyrie* has three chances out of five, and the races are all over an outside course, and in my opinion she stands the best chance of any boat that ever came over here."

He thought that Lord Dunraven had got every concession he asked for from the New York Yacht Club, which was more than anyone else had got. In conclusion he said he was sure if the cup was won by *Valkyrie* that the Yankees would continue to build a yacht every year until they got it back. He thought the betting should be about even, as it was not a sure thing for either side, and added that he would not like to lay odds either way.

Lieutenant Henn will be Commodore Morgan's guest on board *May* during the week of the races.

The result of the conference between Lord Dunraven and the America Cup Committee was announced in full to the public on Saturday afternoon. It is much the same, in fact the same, as was outlined in the *Pall Mall Gazette* despatches in the early part of last week. One day is to intervene between race days, and manual power only shall be used in working the competing vessels. In case of serious accidents to either yacht prior to the starting signal, she shall have sufficient time to repair before being required to start; if during a race, she shall have time to repair before the next race is called.

An admirable judge of yachting, in conversation with the *Pall Mall Gazette's* representative on Saturday evening, after returning from the Narrows, where he saw *Valkyrie* sail, said besides other things about the coming races, "We are going to lose the Cup. *Valkyrie* is a remarkable vessel every way you take her."

Lord Dunraven, when seen to-day in Boston by a *Gazette* representative, said he was having a delightful time. He visited besides others General Paine, owner of the crack *Jubilee*, the boat many thought would be selected to defend the America Cup instead of *Vigilant*.

"About the only thing I can say that I have not said," remarked the Earl, "is that *Valkyrie* will be docked on Monday, and prepared for the races. I have been on the boat during her trials, and am satisfied that she is in good condition. In all winds she has behaved well. I can say nothing concerning the probable result of the international races.

"If I fail I will have no excuse to offer. I am perfectly well satisfied with the arrangements made by the America Cup Committee, and I do not apprehend any difficulty in the contests."

In answer to a direct question as to which in his judgment was the better boat, *Valkyrie* or *Britannia*, the Earl said—

"Well, you know as much about it as I do. The contests on the other side in which both boats participated afford an opportunity of basing an opinion. I believe that my boat is the faster, or rather I would sooner have *Valkyrie*."

In closer relation to the coming races with *Vigilant* the Earl was extremely reticent. He has the highest opinion of *Vigilant's* qualities, and realizes that if he carries the America Cup to England the trophy will be won only after a series of close races. When asked in what light he viewed his prospects, he said: "I really cannot say anything on that point; it is better to await the result."

The crew of *Valkyrie* had an easy time of it to-day at Bayridge, as no work is done on the English yacht on Sunday. Captain Cranfield, who had not been ashore except to the sail loft since *Valkyrie* got here, took a few hours off in the afternoon, and went sightseeing with pilot Lyons.

A tug will take the *Valkyrie* down to the Erie Basin to-morrow morning, where she will be hauled out. Her copper bottom, which is a marvel of smoothness in its way, will need only a little attention, it is said, and when they get through it will be fully as good as the *Vigilant's* Tobin bronze bottom.

The English cutter's sails are now in splendid shape; the story about her adopting American notions, and having three battens put in her mainsail has not been substantiated as yet, and is not likely to be. Her mainsail fits very well without them, and there seems to be no evidence that sailmaker Ratsey ever thought of putting the battens in.

All work on *Vigilant* at City Island was completed on Saturday night. C. Oliver Iselin and designer Herreshoff, who just returned from Bristol, were among those who visited the yachts to-day. Captain Hansen said that she would probably be put overboard to-morrow morning, and then brought to New York for a time spin and to see how her new hollow boom works. In case it does not answer, the old one, which she used in the trial races, will be substituted.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE AMEER.

THE MISSION TO KABUL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LATABAND, Monday.—The Kabul mission arrived at Barikab on the 29th and Lataband on the 30th September. All the members of the mission are in good health.

Reuter's special correspondent with Sir Mortimer Durand's mission telegraphs from Lattaband on Saturday, viâ Lundi Kotal, as follows: "We crossed the Lattaband Pass to-day after a march of fifteen miles, arriving by ten o'clock. From the top of the Pass a view of Kabul was obtained, but it was indistinct owing to a haze. The weather is perfect; there are a few mild cases of fever among the camp followers, but all the European officers are in the best of health. We arrive at Kabul on October 2."

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICAN NOTES.

BRITISH GUIANA AND "RECIPROCITY."

(FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

According to the estimates of the Colonial Comptroller of Customs, its reciprocity arrangement with the American Government has not been to British Guiana productive of any material increase of trade with the United States; and, however vital its retention may be to Demarara sugar planters, the opinion seems to be gaining ground that to the colony in general the treaty has not been the absolute necessity that it at first appeared to be.

In fact, the sugar exports of the colony to the United States during the last twelvemonth, with Reciprocity, were only 112 tons over the previous year, without it; while the shipments to England have fallen off 4,000 tons.

NEW RAILWAYS IN COLOMBIA.

The last Royal Mail steamer arriving at Port of Spain, Trinidad, from England, brought a large quantity of construction material, with corps of engineers contracted to build three new railways in Colombia. One of these will connect the interior of the Republic with the Pacific Coast. Another will unite Bogota, the national capital, with the head of navigation on the Rio Meta, an affluent of the Orinoco River. This latter line will be of grand importance to the British colony of Trinidad, between which and the headwaters of the Meta a line of river boats are already running. When the overland communication is established by rail from Bogota to the Meta, a large part of the coffee, cacao, and hides exported from Eastern Columbia will find their way to the sea by these Meta-Orinoco steamers.

RECOVERY OF A FAMOUS PICTURE.

That historic old picture, the "Congress of Angostura," which mysteriously disappeared from the Senate Chamber at Caracas just before the flight of Dictator Andueza from Venezuela, has been recovered by the Crespo régime from its hiding place, covered with dust and badly crushed, behind a lot of old musty books in an obscure corner of the National University Library.

THE CIVIL WAR IN BRAZIL.

DAILY DESERTIONS FROM THE INSURGENTS.

The following official telegram from the Brazilian Government has been communicated to Reuter's agency by Senhor de Souza Correa, the Brazilian Minister in London: "Rio de Janeiro, October 1st.—The insurgent squadron is still in the bay. Its fighting elements are much weakened, and desertions daily occur among its crews. In the engagements with the shore artillery some of the vessels sustained damage. The fire opened yesterday upon the forts was vigorously answered by the latter. Two steamers, which a few days ago succeeded in escaping, have been repulsed at Santos and Santa Catharina, and have failed to effect a landing. The land forces are united and loyal to the Government, and actuated by feelings of patriotism. Public opinion is entirely opposed to the insurgents."

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE AMERICAN MINISTER.

NEW YORK, Monday.—A Washington despatch states that the instructions given to the American Minister at Rio de Janeiro, are in substance the same as those issued by Mr. Tracy, late Secretary of the Navy, to Admiral McCann during the civil war in Chili.—*Reuter*.

THE REBELLION IN ARGENTINA.

CAPITULATION OF ROSARIO.

BUENOS AYRES, Sunday.—Rosario has capitulated to the Government troops, and the rebel leaders have been made prisoners.—*Reuter*.

COLLAPSE OF A RHENISH HOTEL.

FOUR MEN KILLED.

The newly-built hotel of the Golden Dragon, near Königwinter, situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the Rhine, fell in on Saturday, burying in its ruins seven workmen, four of whom were killed.

THE RUSSIAN FETES IN FRANCE.

ATTITUDE OF THE FRENCH SOCIALISTS.

PARIS, Monday.—M. Miller, a Deputy, speaking at a banquet last evening, declared that the Socialists accepted the Franco-Russian *entente* as a counterpoise to the Triple Alliance and as a mutual assurance for the maintenance of peace, but France was neither under Russia's protection nor under obligations towards her. It was as between equals that the two nations could treat with each other and come to an understanding for the purpose of upholding the peace of Europe. Socialists, as good patriots, believed that by means of peace the imminent justice of things would yield them all necessary and legitimate retribution. He concluded by giving a cheer for the Socialist Internationale.—*Reuter*.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Monday.—A number of people who were returning to Paris by special train last night, from a ball given by the Viscountess de Trédern, were very much shaken by an accident which occurred near the bridge over the Eure. The engine with seven carriages left the rails. The first two carriages were overturned, the occupants of the second having an almost miraculous escape from being killed. A number of them received serious cuts and bruises.—*Dalziel*.

TO-MORROW'S MAILS AND SHIP LETTERS.

MAILS TO BE DESPATCHED.—Evening: To Lisbon, Senegal, Rio Janeiro, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres by French Packet; to Newfoundland viâ Liverpool.

MAILS DUE.—From South-West Coast of Africa, Lagos, Accra, &c., *viâ* Liverpool; from Canada, &c., by direct Packet.

PRIVATE SHIP LETTERS.—The *Albert*, *Edith*, *Swift*, or *Leona* from Hull for Rotterdam; —— from Southampton for Havre; —— from Southampton for St. Malo.

[Letters intended to be sent by private ship must be specially addressed "By Private Ship," and if by a particular ship its name must be added.]

THE MAIDENHEAD MYSTERY

DE JONG'S ANTECEDENTS.

IS HE "JACK THE RIPPER"?

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE CASE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The newspapers of Holland have risen to the occasion, and they are now asking if it be not highly probable that Hendrik de Jong is the long sought "Jack the Ripper." Like the rest of the world they are perfectly acquainted with the gist of what has appeared in English newspapers regarding the murders which have been ascribed to "Jack the Ripper." Like the rest of the world they believe in his existence. They are apparently unaware that a man who, it was claimed by the New York press was "Jack the Ripper," but who was familiarly known as "French Charley," was convicted in New York a couple of years ago of the murder of a woman of the unfortunate class, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. There was a great outcry against him at the time, but as the evidence against him was anything but conclusive, he was not hanged. Had it not been said and said again that he was "Jack the Ripper," the poor devil would, probably, have been acquitted. As a matter of fact "Jack the Ripper" has received altogether too much credit. Personally, I do not believe that such an individual exists. Man is an imitative animal and the first of a long list of murders in Whitechapel was of such an original character and received so much attention in the Press, that the man who committed it was honoured with a following. In my opinion, therefore, Hendrik de Jong is not "Jack the Ripper," though he is possibly one of the guild. Of course the Dutch newspapers present reasons for the belief they entertain. They say that De Jong has medical works and surgical instruments among his effects, and that he often pretended to be a surgeon. They say also that he more than once filled the post of steward on a steamer, and that he was absent from England in periods when

NO MYSTERIOUS MURDERS WERE COMMITTED IN LONDON.

The latter is supposition, though it may be susceptible of proof. At any rate De Jong has supplied them with a topic that was greatly needed to enliven their pages, for the dull season has fallen upon them, and they are making the most of a single windfall. A more extraordinary career than De Jong has had in its way it would be impossible to imagine. Though he has neither the appearance, the manner, nor the education of a gentleman, he has had most marvellous success in swindling both men and women. The women, so far as known, have been of the humbler class. The men whom he has swindled have been of the same class, though some of them at least have occupied the sort of positions which, it might properly be supposed, would bring to them sufficient experience to see through a man like De Jong. Holland is a small country, and it is a country in which it is supposed that every one is known to the authorities. If, for instance, one of the servants in the Amstel Hotel saw fit to give up her place to take service elsewhere in Holland it would be her duty to notify the change to the proper authority, and it is seldom that such duty is evaded, for an evasion is likely to attract the attention of the police, and that is not considered desirable. In spite of all this de Jong has been running amok here for years. He may have previously done much that should have made him notorious, but his first big stroke was to marry the daughter of a widow who lived at the Hague. The widow, needless to say, had money, several thousand guilders. De Jong made love to the daughter, the widow being a little too old to marry without attracting general attention and perhaps arousing her own suspicions. He married the daughter, and having married her he lost no time in making an effort to get hold of her mother's guilders. The old woman was cautious, but in spite of her caution De Jong succeeded in laying his hands on her money. In other words, he stole it. The old woman discovered the theft before De Jong could escape, and she gave information to the police. The latter arrested De Jong, and found most of the money in his possession. He was tried for robbery and was convicted. Prison work was irksome to him, and he shammed insanity. He had, it seems, been employed twice in lunatic asylums, and while there he had evidently watched the patients closely, for when he pretended to be insane in prison, the keepers thought he was insane. Not so the doctors, however. They said, from the first, that he was shamming. In order to make sure that they were not mistaken, they put him in a cell by himself and fed him sparingly on bread and water. De Jong did not enjoy the diet. He stood it for several days, and then concluded that it was more comfortable to be sane on ordinary prison fare, even if he were compelled to work, rather than be insane on bread and water, and not much of that. He spent two years in prison, and then left Holland for a time. He told Miss Schmitz that he had been a surgeon in the Dutch East Indies. That, of course, was a lie. He had been in the Dutch East Indies, but his position there was trumpeter in a regiment of Dutch colonial troops. In July of last year he returned to Amsterdam, and "put up" at a hotel here kept by a man named Kramer. The latter had an only daughter. I should have said that while De Jong was in prison the girl whom he had married at the Hague died. According to his usual custom, De Jong lost no time in making love to Miss Kramer. At that time he pretended to be a land surveyor, and spoke in his usual boastful way of the large sums of money he had made. The girl believed all that he told her. Perhaps there is nothing strange in that, but it does seem odd that her father, an hotel-keeper and a man who is generally considered well able to take care of himself, should have swallowed all that De Jong told about himself and his money, particularly as he displayed very little.

KRAMER BELIEVED IN HIM THOROUGHLY,

and when De Jong intimated that he was desirous of marrying Miss Kramer the latter shook the adventurer by both hands, no doubt embraced him, and said he was delighted. So one day De Jong and Miss Kramer went to the registry office in order that the civil part of the marriage might be celebrated. The registrar performed his function, after which Miss Kramer had only to wait for the three weeks that must elapse between the civil and ecclesiastical marriage. In these three weeks any one who has a right to object may do so, but in De Jong's case nobody objected, and preparations for the wedding went on apace. The wedding cake was made, and even the carriages were ordered, when De Jong was apparently seized with a fit of doubt. His prospective father-in-law noticed that De Jong was not in his usual spirits, and anxiously inquired what was the matter. De Jong said that he was bothered because he wanted a considerable sum for his honeymoon, and he did not feel sure that his notary would be willing to furnish it in time. However, he would write to him. It is not at all likely that he took the trouble to do anything of the kind, but the next day a letter was received by De Jong. It was signed with the name of the man who De Jong had said was his notary. De Jong read the letter in the hotel-keeper's presence and clutched his hair as he read. "What is wrong?" inquired the hotel-keeper. "Well, papa," said De Jong, "it is just as I feared. The notary says it would be irregular to supply me with the funds that I want at once, but he promises to send me 10,000 florins in two weeks. Here's the letter." Kramer read the letter, and then smiled a smile that filled the room, and that must have filled De Jong also. "What of it?" roared the hotel-keeper joyously. "I will lend you what money you want. You can have 600 or 800 guilders this very moment." De Jong fell upon Kramer's neck and said, "How good you are, papa." Then he said to himself, "I will not take all his money. I will take only 600 florins." He took 600 florins as a temporary loan. The wedding was to be in two days. On the day before the wedding De Jong said he must go to the Hague as he had some business there to attend to. "Papa" Kramer had grown so fond of him that he said he would accompany him. This did not suit De Jong's book, and he tried in various ways to dissuade the hotel keeper from going to the Hague. Kramer was not to be dissuaded, though he had not the slightest suspicion of De Jong's intention. He went with De Jong to the railway station, and when De Jong found that he could not get rid of him he fell into conversation with an acquaintance, and purposely missed the train. Kramer was in a great state of mind, but De Jong said the next train would do as well. He asked the hotel-keeper to remain where he was while he did a little shopping. Kramer stuck to his post for hours. He never saw De Jong again. A couple of months afterwards he received a letter from De Jong. The latter wrote from England. He said in his letter that he was always thinking of Miss Kramer, but he could not marry her until he returned from Australia, for which he was about to sail. Touching the 600 florins, he said he was "greatly obliged for the loan. Whether or not De Jong went to Australia is not known to a certainty. He says that he went there, and that he spent some time in the gold-diggings, but he is such an unconscionable liar that nothing he says is worthy of credence unless it can be corroborated. De Jong is a "Jack-of-all-trades," and has a glibness of tongue and an audacity of manner that enable him to thrust his yarns down the throats of those upon whom he has designs. He has, however, never sought for victims among people of education and refinement. Among such he would be altogether out of his element. Though

ABLE TO TURN HIS HAND TO MANY THINGS,

he has always preferred to turn his wits to the task of living upon others. He has been a house painter and a mason's labourer, a keeper in a madhouse and an inmate of one, a military trumpeter and a steward on a steamer. He also worked in Van Houten's cocoa works. He shipped once on board a steamer through the British Consulate here, and when his photograph was shown to the British Consul, Mr. Robinson recognized it as the likeness of a man who had once been in "the office." The face, however, is by no means an uncommon type, and when I saw it first it seemed to me to be that of a man I had seen before. De Jong is something of a musician, and, 'tis said, can sing a song fairly well: at any rate, he never wants pressing. In the prosecution of his schemes he never allowed the grass to grow under his feet. He disposed of Miss Juett in about three weeks of the date of his marriage with her. He got rid of Miss Schmitz in about a like period, and he had no sooner put her away than he at once began a search for a fresh victim. Even while he was in England with Miss Schmitz he kept his eyes open for chances. He saw an advertisement for a doctor. The latter was wanted by the little village of Holten, in Holland. The salary attached to the position is 600 guilders a year. De John applied for the position. His letter obtained a reply, the authorities asking for his recommendations. He replied that he had obtained a more favourable offer in England and intended to settle there and practise his profession. Yet audacious and atrocious as this man's career has been, it was only through the elder Miss Schmitz's post-card to the proprietor of Wheeler's Hotel, Bishopsgate-street, asking for information about her sister, that he was brought to book, at least, so far as putting him behind bars is concerned. It is considered doubtful that he could be convicted of embezzlement through his sale of the Schmitz furniture. On one of his examinations he said that he had sold the furniture at the request of Miss Schmitz, and had given her the money which he obtained for it. The question then arises, Upon what charge can he be held?" If the embezzlement charge is thrown over he will be held upon that of murder. He has told so many lies touching the fate of Miss Juett and Miss Schmitz that the Officer of Justice feels confident that he will be able to hold him for a reasonable time on account of these lies, or until he tells a story the truth of which cannot be disproved. I was anxious to find out how long a "reasonable time" meant, and I have been given to understand that, in this particular case, it may be considered a year. The police think that some traces of the bodies will certainly be discovered within a year. This is merely an impression; there is no evidence upon which to base it. The Continental police are always reticent, but in the De Jong-Juett-Schmitz case they tell nothing. Simply because they have nothing to tell. It is perhaps natural for them to say, "The bodies will be found," but when they do not know; they do not even know where. At the outset everybody said Miss Juett was killed in Wolfheze woods. She and De Jong were seen going into the woods. De Jong returned to the Hotel Sluys alone. So the searchers marched to Wolfheze woods, and tramped under the tall trees and through the thick underbrush. At first it did not seem like work. De Jong was the game. His life or his freedom had been forfeited, but before it could be taken from him the evidence must be obtained. Then there were 125 guilders to be earned, and to many it seemed much easier to earn 125 guilders by finding the body of a murdered woman than to earn the same sum in the ordinary way. But the days went by and no body was found, and

THE GUILDERS SEEMED A LONG WAY OUT OF REACH.

They have been getting farther away each day. Besides, more than one of the searchers has said, "What are 125 guilders among forty?" These searchers are a very business-like lot. In beginning the search they may have been actuated by the highest motives, but after all they must live, and the element of sport has long since disappeared from the search. Besides, those who are engaged in the search are walking in the dark. They know not where to look. Before passing judgment on the conduct of another it may be well, in ordinary cases, to put yourself in the other man's place. I tried to do this in De Jong's case but not feeling murderously inclined, I was compelled to give up the attempt. It seemed to me, however, that the fellow was foolish to show himself in so many places, and in so public a manner, with Miss Juett. It seems so no longer. By adopting that plan he has made the search all the more difficult. He was seen going into Wolfheze woods, so everybody rushed to Wolfheze. As the body was not at once found it was remembered that he had been seen near Renkum, near Heelsum, and near Doerweerth also. There are woods close to all of these places, in fact the woods in their vicinity, join those of Wolfheze, and the combination covers a great deal of ground. It is now remembered, too, that De Jong had plenty of time to go to Zutphen, or Niemengen, or Utrecht, and still get back to Arnhem on the evening of Friday, July 7. The more the case is studied the more doubtful does the outcome seem. One can be seen in many parts of Guelderland in a day, and De Jong succeeded in showing himself and wife in six or eight localities on July 7.

All that is known absolutely of his movements on that day is that he left the Hotel Sluys at 9.30 in the morning in company with his wife, and returned to it at 5.30 in the evening without her. Though his language, his manner, his career generally are all that they should not be, his career certainly suggests that he is no ordinary criminal. A man who is

CAPABLE OF KILLING TWO WOMEN

in little more than the same number of months, and, while he is laying plans to secure more victims, can go to rather common places of amusements and enjoy himself heartily, is not the sort of man to commit murder in a manner likely to be easily discovered. He probably laid his plans beforehand in the case of Miss Juett and in the case of Miss Schmitz, and it is quite possible that he had their graves prepared for them. That short-handled spade must have played a leading part in the double tragedy. A man who knows the Dutch police well said to me on Saturday, "Wretched a specimen of manhood as this fellow De Jong is, he is much more clever than the police." It certainly seems so. New blood is wanted in this fight against De Jong. The police here may be anxious that the murders of Miss Juett and Miss Schmitz should be brought home to him but their anxiety is not of a variety that will work De Jong much harm. It is enough to say, as I before mentioned, that not a single policeman from Amsterdam, or even from Arnhem, which is close to the supposed scene of the murder of Miss Juett, has visited the spot. Among the few English people I have met in Holland a good deal of surprise is expressed that Scotland-yard does not take some interest in the case. They believe that the right sort of man from Scotland-yard would at least put something like method into the search for Miss Juett's body, and very little provocation would induce them to believe that he would find the body. The judicial authorities here desire to confront De Jong with Mr. Juett. The latter was written to upon the subject, and on Saturday the British Consul received a letter from Juett in which the murdered girl's father said, "I am at your service any day you name." The examination, at which De Jong will be brought face to face with the father of one of his victims, will be private.

EVENING CONTINUATION SCHOOLS.

The distribution of evening continuation school prizes in connection with the London School Board scheme will take place at the Morley Hall, Hackney, at eight o'clock to-morrow evening. Sir Charles Russell will present the prizes.

THE CRISIS IN THE COAL TRADE.

COAL AT £3 A TON.

In London on Saturday the increased price of 2*s.* per cwt. was charged by the leading merchants who do a trolly trade, but several of the smaller dealers, especially in the southern and eastern districts charged 2*s.* 1*d.* and 2*s.* 2*d.* per cwt. A much higher price was obtained for coal sold in smaller quantities. In Walworth a dealer stated he had done a good trade with the very poor by selling 14 lb. of coal for 4½*d.*, and he had had several customers for lots of 7 lb., for which he charged 2¼*d.*, or at the rate of 3*s.* per cwt. The retail prices by the ton were—Wallsend, 38*s.*; house coal, 36*s.*; and kitchen (cobbles and nuts), 35*s.* One or two merchants, however, sold kitchen coal at 34*s.* The last occasion on which coal was sold at 2*s.* per cwt. in the metropolis was immediately after the great snowstorm in 1881, but then the high price was not due to any scarcity of supplies, but to the heavy cost of cartage owing to the state of the streets.

MINERS' WIVES IN LONDON.

A number of miners' wives from Castleford arrived in London on Saturday with the intention of giving their experiences of the distress prevalent in the colliery districts. A demonstration, at which about 3,000 persons were present, was held in Trafalgar-square yesterday afternoon in support of the strike fund. Among the speakers were Mr. Frank Smith and Mr. Ben Tillett, and resolutions were carried in favour of the nationalization of mines, and protesting against the manner in which county magistrates and capitalists obtained the services of troops in labour disputes. Other demonstrations on behalf of the strikers took place in London yesterday.

BOMB THROWN IN A LONDON CHURCH.

A STARTLING OUTRAGE.

A startling explosion took place last night in St. George's Cathedral Southwark, during the delivery of a special sermon by one of the Franciscan fathers. A crowded congregation had assembled, and a great number of children were present to witness the Rosary Sunday procession, when, at eight o'clock, a loud report was heard. Naturally the people were somewhat excited, but the preacher and clergy induced them to keep their seats. No damage was done. Some miscreant had thrown an explosive through the western door, when, alighting in the eastern side-aisle, it exploded. The service was proceeded with as soon as the excitement was allayed. Neither the police nor the clergy have as yet any clue to the author of the outrage.

THE DOLCOATH MINING DISASTER.

RECOVERY OF OSBORNE'S BODY.

A Camborne correspondent telegraphs that about ten o'clock on Sunday night a fourth body—that of John Osborne—was recovered by the eastern relief party in the Dolcoath mine. Osborne, it will be remembered, was heard singing hymns on the second day after the disaster. When spoken to he replied that his feet were jammed by rocks. In this position he was found, and from cuts and bruises on the face it is supposed that a further fall of ground put an end to his sufferings. Three other bodies are still to be recovered.

FIRE AT A MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

ARREST FOR ALLEGED ARSON.

The firemen at Kennington-lane headquarters were called early this morning to Rowton House, Bond-street, Vauxhall-cross, the model lodging-house established by Lord Rowton, and found that for the second time since Friday one of the cubicles on the third floor had become ignited. The bed and bedding were found to be in flames. Fortunately the alarm was speedily raised, and the inmates extinguished the flames with buckets of water. The police arrested a man named George Edwards, and conveyed him to Smedley-street Police-station, where he was formally charged with arson.

TYPHOID EPIDEMIC NEAR WIGAN.

MANCHESTER, Monday (Special).—Typhoid fever has broken out in Poolstock and Pemberton, suburbs of Wigan. Four deaths occurred yesterday. One doctor alone has had sixty-two cases under his care. The cause of the outbreak is supposed to be the water becoming stagnant in the mains, which have not been regularly flushed owing to the recent drought.

OPENING OF THE MANCHESTER COLLEGE OF MUSIC

MANCHESTER, Monday (Special).—The first session of the newly-formed Royal Manchester College of Music was opened this morning under conditions full of promise for the future prospects of the institution. Some seventy students were present, thus rendering the college one of the largest in the country; indeed out of London there is no other college of music to compare with it. The building, which has been arranged under the superintendence of Sir Charles Hallé, is admirably adapted to the requirements of students.

GORED TO DEATH BY A BULL.

BLACKBURN, Monday (Special).—The circumstances of the terrible death of a boy at Ingleton were reported to the coroner this morning. The victim, a son of Frank Whitfield, of Holden House, Westhouse, Ingleton, aged eleven years, went into the fields on Saturday to gather chestnuts, and appears to have crossed a field in which a bull was kept. Late at night searchers found him doubled up in a copse, whither the bull had thrown him. His clothes were torn to shreds and many bones were broken. He died soon after he was discovered.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL

MANCHESTER, Monday (Special).—A landslip took place on the Manchester Ship Canal near Warrington this morning, and a man was buried under about 30 ft. of earth. His dead body was not recovered for over two hours.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A BICYCLIST.

On Saturday evening two New Brompton cyclists, riding through Graveney Marshes, near Faversham, found another cyclist lying dead beside his machine. They gave information at Seasalter coastguard station, and ascertained that the dead man was a Metropolitan police-constable named James McLavey, who was on leave, and was staying with friends at Seasalter. He was probably returning from a visit to Faversham when his sudden end came. It is supposed he succumbed to heart disease.

THE HIGH WYCOMBE MURDER.—AN ARREST.

John Avery, forty-nine, labourer, of Radnage, was arrested yesterday afternoon on suspicion of the murder of John Kingham, farmer, at Bledlow Ridge, near High Wycombe, on Thursday.

BLINDED BY A LEMONADE BOTTLE.

A young woman named Florence Darling, who lives in Collier-street, Pentonville-road, met with a sad accident yesterday. She was opening a bottle of lemonade for a customer, when the bottle exploded and pieces of broken glass struck her in the face. She was taken to the Royal Free Hospital, where it was found that not only had she sustained serious cuts about the face, but her right eye was so seriously injured that it had to be removed.

THIS MORNING'S WEATHER REPORTS.

AT 8 A.M.—Brighton, dull, but fine, temp. 54; Dieppe, fine, some clouds, cold wind, 52; Rouen, fine morning, 55; Portsmouth, cloudy, 52; Ryde, fine morning, 54; Eastbourne, sunshine, calm, bar. 29.8 rising, 54; Hastings, lovely morning, 55; Worthing, fine, some clouds, 52.

AT 9 O'CLOCK.—Aberystwyth, S.W., fine, sea calm; Barmouth, S.W., showery, sea moderate; Margate, temp. 53, bar. 29.65, steady S.W., fresh and bright; Bournemouth, S.W., stormy; Ilfracombe, S.W., wet; Southampton, N.E., fine; Falmouth, W., fine, sea smooth; Penzance, N.W., showery, sea moderate; Plymouth, N.W., showery, sea smooth; Teignmouth, W.N.W., fine, sea smooth; Torquay, W., wet, sea smooth; Weston-super-Mare, S., cloudy, sea smooth; Weymouth, W., wet, sea moderate; New Milford, N., showery, sea calm; Cromer, S.W., fine, bar. 29.80, rising; Lowestoft, S., clear, bar. 29.7, rising; Harwich, fine.

AT 9.30 A.M.—Boulogne, raining, temp. 52; Berne, fine, some clouds, 52; Calais, fine morning, 56; Bienne-Macolin, dull, but fine, 50; Paris, raining, 56; Brunig, overcast, 56; Caux-sur-Montreux, cloudy, 50; Geneva, fine, some clouds, 55; Lausanne, cloudy but fine, 57; Lucerne, unsettled, 56; Brussels, fine but dull, 54; Neuchatel, cloudy but fine, 55; Ostend, overcast, 57; Vevey-Montreux, fine, some clouds, 56; Rome, unsettled, 72; Zermatt, cloudy, 44; Folkestone, unsettled, 52; Dover, raining, 53; Queenborough, fine, warm wind, fair passage, 54; Baden-Baden, overcast, 52.

M. Carnot left Fontainebleau last evening, and returned to the Elysée.

The Comte de Paris left Copenhagen this morning for Kiel.—*Reuter.*

A cleaner on the District Railway was killed on Saturday night outside Gloucester-road Station. He was knocked down by a passing train and so dreadfully injured that he died almost immediately. On the previous Saturday evening a man was killed within two yards of the same spot.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR JOWETT.

The Rev. Benjamin Jowett, M.A., LL.D., Master of Balliol College and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, died yesterday at Headley Park, the residence of Mr. Justice Wright, at 2.45 P.M. The deceased was seventy-six years of age, having been born at Camberwell in 1817. After being tutor of Balliol from 1842 to 1870, he was made Master one year before the publication of his "Dialogues of Plato" in 1871. Lord Palmerston recommended him to the Regius Professorship of Greek in 1855; and he held the office of Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University from 1882 to 1886. His main contributions to scholarship and literature were a Commentary to three Pauline Epistles, an essay on the Interpretation of Scripture in "Essays and Reviews," a translation of Plato's Dialogues, a translation of Thucydides, and a translation of Aristotle's Politics. It is understood that his body will be removed to Oxford for burial.

THE LATE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

Benjamin Jowett was born at Camberwell in the year 1817. His father was a printer and also the author of a metrical version of the Psalms of David. After being educated at St. Paul's School, the future Master won his scholarship at Balliol in 1835. As an undergraduate he distinguished himself by gaining the Hertford University scholarship and a first class in the School of *Literæ Humaniores*. He was made a Fellow of his college in 1838, and became a tutor four years later. In 1870, when he had already been connected with the college for thirty-five years, he was elected Master in succession to Dr. Jenkins, who had begun the work of raising Balliol to its present position of supremacy among the Oxford seats of learning. Some years before he had been selected to sit in the Commission which was formed in 1854, to decide on the best method of examination for writers in the East Indian Civil Service. From 1882 to 1886 he filled the office of Vice-Chancellor, which, as is, perhaps, not generally known, is not elective, but is held by the various heads of colleges in rotation. It is necessary to call attention to this detail of University routine, because the fact that Professor Jowett became Vice-Chancellor is often erroneously quoted as one of the most signal victories gained by the liberal and broad-minded party in Oxford. But though there is a slight mistake here, it is none the less true that the late Master of Balliol was always the sturdiest champion of progress in the University, and that he may safely be said to have done more than any other man of his time to infuse vigour and enterprise into Oxford, and to imbue both his own college and the rest with that spirit of expansion and toleration which is necessary nowadays to the existence of all institutions. Indeed, the story of his life is practically the history of what may be called the 19th century Renaissance of Oxford, by which, after a fierce struggle, the University was roused from the condition of monastic torpor into which it had sunk. The fight is over now, and it would be worse than bad taste to revive its forgotten bitterness unnecessarily on the present occasion. It has been decided, once and for all time, that Oxford is not to be merely a stagnant backwater shut off from the stream of modern life; and the Church has learnt the lesson of toleration and adaptability as thoroughly as the University.

PROFESSOR JOWETT'S LATITUDINARIANISM.

But no notice of Professor Jowett's life would be complete which ignored altogether the hatred and detestation with which he and his latitudinarianism were regarded at one time by the "blind mouths" of clericalism. It is now nearly thirty years since Dr. Pusey, who had himself in his earlier days been subjected to the penalty of suspension from the University pulpit, stated that he felt bound by his duty to God, to the Church, and to the souls of men to prosecute Professor Jowett in the Vice-Chancellor's court, as a false teacher who had conspired with others in "a systematic attempt to revolutionize the Church of England." Convocation refused to add one farthing to the nominal stipend that he received as Professor of Greek; not because there was any doubt as to his successful fulfilment of the duties of the post, for he was well known to be a deeply read and graceful scholar and an excellent teacher, but because he was supposed, in his famous Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture, to have denied the direct inspiration of Holy Writ. The watchful band that looked after the interests of orthodoxy succeeded in preventing his preaching in St. Mary's until, by becoming Master of Balliol, he obtained a legal right, which could not be controverted, to enter the University pulpit. In ecclesiastical circles he was looked upon with horror as an outcast and a leper, and ridiculous stories were circulated and actually believed as to his having turned back into the paths of Buddhism a Siamese undergraduate who had been baptized in his own country by Roman Catholic missionaries. There was also a popular fable, very amusing to those who knew his mild and benevolent expression of face, which depicted him as gnashing his teeth with rage at the sight of the Balliol men streaming into morning chapel. One of the old-fashioned pillars of the Church told him to his face that he bred heresies as a dog breeds fleas. Churchmen of to-day will be the first and readiest to pay a sincere tribute to the memory of Professor Jowett.

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL AS A SCHOLAR.

It is pleasant to turn away from these melancholy reminiscences to contemplate the Master of Balliol as a scholar. He was made Regius Professor of Greek in 1855, and has published translations of Plato's Dialogues, Thucydides' History, and Aristotle's Politics, besides Critical Notes and Dissertations on St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans. There is a mass of valuable work such as few Oxford professors have left behind them. It has always been the habit of "pure scholars" of the Dryasdust species to pick little holes in these translations, and to point out gravely that Professor Jowett must have forgotten his Greek Accidence here and there, and a good-sized anthology might be compiled of facetious little epigrams on this subject. But, with all due respect to these learned gentlemen, the publication of the dialogues in 1871 marks a new era in classical translation. With the exception of Hobbes' Thucydides, which really is full of most astonishing blunders, this was the first rendering of a Greek author into readable and idiomatic English. The subject was peculiarly favourable to translation. Plato—though, perhaps, he would have been horrified himself at such an accusation—is the most popular of philosophers; but Plato is the only thinker who has the courage to say openly that he is dreaming a dream. Moreover, his dramatic system of arranging his dissertation in the form of a dialogue, and putting the exposition into the mouth of Socrates, gives a lively interest to his work, such as is seldom associated with philosophical writings. All these merits of subject and treatment were seized on and fully brought out by the translation, which, moreover in purity of style and grace of diction is—and more cannot be said—worthy of the original. So that Plato became an English classic, and his lofty transcendentalism and poetic allegories have been diffused all over the Anglo-Saxon world. This achievement alone would suffice to earn for Professor Jowett the gratitude of mankind, especially in view of the utilitarian tendency of modern education, which bids fair to abolish the study of Greek altogether.

HIS ORGANIZING AND ADMINISTRATIVE POWERS.

But it was as an organizer and administrator, and by his influence over men that he made himself most remarkable. His tremendous activity as Vice-Chancellor produced the first of a series of illnesses that began to undermine his strong constitution. His great power lay in his quiet persistence, his indomitable spirit, and his unfailing tact and acumen. As Master of Balliol he was, in a quite extraordinary degree, the idol of undergraduates. And he reaped this reward, because he was the first to recognize that a bond of human sympathy is possible between don and pupil. He knew the men by sight—which, curious as it may seem, is a very exceptional achievement for the head of an Oxford college—and knew a good deal about them, always taking the keenest interest in all their doings, not only while they were under his charge, but in after-life. And herein lies the secret of the success of Balliol. It is the only college which has really made a point of "pushing" its *alumni*, and helping them at all stages of their career. And this system was initiated by the late Master, who was always extremely fond of power and influence, but only that he might use them for Balliol and Balliol men. Any one Balliol man who showed any sign of ability was sure of being well started in the world, and assisted in his progress through it. Hence the imposing number of men distinguished in all walks of life that this college can claim to have nurtured and educated. Success was what the Master admired most of all, and to ensure it for Balliol men was his greatest pleasure. Many stories are told of his snubbing timid undergraduates, but very few of these are authentic: in fact, his kindness and sympathy with all were proverbial, and his sagacity in giving practical and judicious advice was unrivalled. He took the liveliest interest in all that went on in the college, and only a few years ago had an organ erected in the hall for concerts and entertainments. He was a staunch ally of Mr. John Farmer, who left Harrow to direct musical study in Balliol, and was frequently present at smoking concerts given in the hall. That such an entertainment should be graced by the Master's presence was a startling innovation according to Oxford ideas, but this action was of a piece with Professor Jowett's kindly geniality and the dauntless courage with which he carried all his theories through. This same courage and disregard of convention were strongly exemplified by the admirably sarcastic college sermons which he preached, till lately, twice in every term in the Balliol Chapel, and which were caricatured rather extravagantly by Mallock in his "New Republic."

ANOTHER ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE.

THE GREELEY EXPEDITION COLLECTION.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Next spring (writes the Berlin *Post*) another Arctic Expedition is to be dispatched from the United States. The leader is a German, Herr Robert Stein, employed in the United States Geological Survey. His plans are to follow the western shores of Ellesmere-Grinnell Land as far north as possible. Ellesmere-Grinnell Land is situated on the west side of Smith Sound, opposite Greenland. No explorer has as yet visited these regions, but Lockwood and Brainard, of the Greeley Expedition (1881), sighted the coast, and discovered from the western shore of Grinnell Land the great deep fjord, penetrating far into the interior, and which they named after their illustrious leader.

DETAILS OF THE EXPEDITION.

In the *Magdeburgen Zeitung* Herr Robert Stein gives the following outlines of the new expedition: Many eminent Arctic explorers have for a long time past maintained that the best road to the Far North lay along the western shore line, stretching towards the Pole, and it cannot be doubted but that this unknown coastline offers all these advantages, but as yet no explorer has taken this route.

It may indeed be confidently assumed that opposite the vast Greenland continent we shall not find isolated islands, but an archipelago. From Hayes Sound, south of Grinnell Land, so the Eskimo assert, this archipelago separates entirely Grinnell Land from Ellesmere Land. The southern portion of this insular mass of territory, which the Eskimo call "The Land of the Musk Ox," is known to us under the name of North Lincoln. A vast sheet of water separates these unknown tracts from North Devon. It was first discovered by the English navigator, William Baffin, in 1616, and was by him christened Sir Alderman Jones Sound. This strait is sometimes blocked by drift ice, but it has been navigated as far west as Cape Eden, on the North Lincoln shore. Every year, too, whaling steamers proceed to hunt Lancaster Sound, eight English miles south of Jones Sound, and Stein has already arranged with the captain of one of these vessels to convey him and his party next May from St. Johns, in Newfoundland, to a point on the south-east promontory of North Lincoln.

THE PARTY TO CONSIST OF EIGHT PERSONS.

The expedition will consist of at least eight persons, and it will be equipped with the finest instruments obtainable at the present day. As soon as the members are landed a hut is to be built, where two men will be left behind to guard the stores and take observations. The remaining six will start as quickly as possible on a voyage of exploration along the southern and western shores, and attempt to penetrate as far north as possible. But they are to return to the depot in eighty days, when the whaling steamer is to carry them back, although a few members may remain behind to make further observations. In any case the depot is to be provisioned for two years. The commander will first decide when he reaches his destination whether the exploration of the unknown regions shall be undertaken by sea or land. He would, however, prefer proceeding in boats, as he believes he would then be able to penetrate further north.

THE GREELEY COLLECTIONS.

No effort will be spared to accomplish this object and obtaining possession of all the valuable collections which that famous explorer was compelled to leave behind. As is generally known, one of the methods for determining the shape of the globe is the observation of the pendulum. In this manner it is possible to calculate the earth's gravitation at the point of observation, and thereby determine approximately the distance from the earth's centre; and as pendulum observations in high latitudes are but rarely afforded, every advantage will be taken of opportunities to study the pendulum. Pendulum observations are in particular to be made at the starting and finishing points of the journey for comparison. Another special task will be the important one of studying the magnetic phenomena by certain photographic methods, which have never been effected in such high latitudes by the perfect methods now available. Special attention will also be paid to geological studies, particularly as Ellesmere Land is almost free from ice and snow in the summer. Finally, the habits and habitat of the whale will be watched, in order, if possible, to discover new whaling grounds. The cost of the expedition is estimated at about £2,000, and the United States geological and geodetic authorities have promised to equip the Stein Expedition with all the most improved and exact instruments available to modern science.

HOW SWITZERLAND TRAINS HER CHILDREN.

BY MR. OSCAR BROWNING.

I was walking down the principal street of St. Gallen one afternoon towards the end of September when four boys passed me and arrested my attention. They were about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and were dressed in uniform, with blue trousers and tunics, blue caps embroidered with drumsticks, and swords at their sides. Each of them had two drumsticks fixed into the belt which went over his shoulder, and a small side-drum slung over his back. I was just starting for a stroll, and thought that they would give me some object for it, so I followed them, and they led me to the station. On the way, and at the station itself, they were joined by about ten others similarly dressed, and of the same age. They put their drums on the ground and had plenty of fun with about an equal number of boys with blue caps but without uniforms, who were larking around them. I asked a bystander who they were, and he told me that they were the drummers of the cadet corps of the Cantonal school, that they were to have their annual march-out and sham fight on the following day, and that this was why they had assembled. About half an hour afterwards a middle-aged man appeared on the scene, with two blue-capped students about eighteen years old. He, I was told, was the major of the corps, and his companions, I suppose, were what in English schools we should call prefects. I was informed that he was to decide whether there was to be a march-out on the next day or not. If there was, the boys were to march all round the town, beating the zapfenstreich or tattoo. After some conversation the matter seemed to be amicably settled, and the boys set off to a rattling march.

My guide-book had recommended me to walk round the town, so I went a good part of the way with my young friends. The time they kept was excellent; their pace was very fast, too fast for my convenience. They kept step with a swinging stride, and marched with a will, and yet they were rather children than lads. Sometimes they left off playing and sometimes they halted; whether they did this for any other reason than that they wanted a rest I could not discover. All along their route they were accompanied by children of about the same age, who played all sorts of tricks with them, and whenever there was a halt it was accompanied by high jinks. But no one lost his good-humour or his self-control, and whenever they started the drums were beaten as loudly and as firmly as ever. The most remarkable thing was that no grown-up person, except myself, went with them; they had no sergeant-major nor even a big boy of their own school to look after them; indeed, no one seemed to notice them. They went steadily on like the children of Hamelin without the pied piper. When they were to stop playing or to halt, one boy, no bigger than the rest, gave the signal with his drumsticks. They started at five from the station; they marched honestly all round the town, telling their schoolfellows, I suppose, "To-morrow is the march-out;" they arrived a second time in the market-place just as the clock struck six, and dispersed in twos and threes of their own accord, with their drums on their backs. Truly, I thought, I am in the country of self-government.

"Come along, come along, come along, come along; the time is short, the need is strong." This is what the boys' drums said as they marched along the streets. But in the night the heavens were opened and the rain fell, and the authorities, whoever they may be, thought it was too wet for the march-out. So the next morning the young warriors were walking peacefully to school, with their uniform caps on, but with portfolios under their arms instead of muskets, and knapsacks full of schoolbooks on their backs instead of cartridge pouches round their waists. They seemed to take it very quietly. I do not know how the news spread, but only one young soldier appeared at the railway station in full panoply, and was not laughed at by his companions. Next week when the weather was better they marched out, with band playing and colours flying, with two field-guns fully equipped, and their officers on horseback.

Switzerland is the paradise of children. You may be weeks in the country without hearing a child cry. They are grave and sensible and yet merry, and are treated by their elders with respect and consideration. They associate themselves from their earliest years with the occupations of their parents, and take their place naturally in the system of national economy. Pestalozzi has not lived in vain. The best educational theories are here reproduced in practice. The education of the girls is as excellent as that of the boys; it is confined to no class, and is found in the smallest villages as well ordered as in the towns. The cadet corps of St. Gallen is a regular part of the Swiss army. They muster on a march-out five or six hundred strong. It is not composed of young gentlemen, like the rifle corps of our public schools, but takes in the very poorest. Every child in the Cantonal school is bound to belong to it at a certain age. How long will it be before we are able to muster our board schools in battalions? Why, however, do such delightful children grow up into such dull and uninteresting men? That is a question which may be asked all the world over, and no answer has as yet been given to it.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They are very small; no badeffects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

AN EASTERN CITY IN LONDON.

THE TRANSPLANTATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A COMING SPECTACULAR TRIUMPH.

Between four hundred and five hundred men are now busy, and will be busy up till Boxing Day, in building a new Constantinople at Olympia. Moulders are manipulating their clay into cunning and beautiful designs, artists are painting scenery by the mile, modellers are constructing on a small scale the many mosques, bazaars, and other details of Oriental picturesqueness which are gradually to be built in such noble proportions and with such lavish magnificence; artisans are transforming the plain iron girders into ornate pedestals for the support of artistic statuary; others are preparing the huge arena over which the Adriatic flowed last year for the reception of the waters of the Bosphorus; and, in short, the huge hive within Olympia's walls is rapidly endowing this particular spot in London with the atmosphere, the beauty, the mystery and the enchantment of one of the most fascinating cities of the East. Mr. Joseph Lyons, the chairman of the company which is building

THIS ORIENTAL SUBURB OF LONDON,

is still proud of his reproduction of Venice last year, but he pledges himself fearlessly to this assertion, extreme though it may seem, that Constantinople in London is going to be as far above Venice as a spectacle as Venice was superior to a penny peep-show. An artist in his younger days, when he was in the habit of producing 3 ft. by 2 canvas instead of the animated pictures of many acres which he now constructs, Mr. Lyons learnt something about colouring, grouping, and effect, which serve him in good stead now while he superintends the creation of this new Constantinople. He has been good enough to take a *Pall Mall* reporter over the ground upon which the spectacle is growing. The skeleton of the show was impressive. Clothed with the detail, the elaboration, the faithfulness of reproduction, the splendour, and the ingenuity which those hundreds of clever hands are covering the framework, the venture promises to be the most colossal show ever carried out in London. Exactly what the plot of the spectacle is to be must not yet be divulged, but the stage will be occupied with six gigantic scenes. It was no Lilliputian stage last year. Boxing Day will find it still larger by one third of its former area, and

THE TWO THOUSAND PERFORMERS

who will occupy it will have plenty of room to indulge in all the activity they may desire. Two hundred musicians will supply the music which will set the feet of this army of performers in motion, the orchestra being over a hundred yards in length. Starting with an English rural scene of great beauty, there will, in accordance with the demands of the plot, be Spanish, Viennese, and Roumelian scenes to follow, with a waterfall in the last-mentioned scene—a real cascade 50 feet in width, roaring over practicable rocks and foaming right across the stage into the lake in front. A working panorama takes the spectator along the Sea of Marmora and across the desert into Constantinople; and this last scene is a peerless piece of theatrical painting and scene building. In the centre stands the wonderful mosque of San Sophia, with the Sultan's palace on the left and the Sublime Porte on the right. The stage spectacle concluded, the visitor will hail one of the caiques plying on the Bosphorus, will repose himself luxuriously upon the velvet cushions at the bottom thereof, and will consign himself to

THE CARE OF A TURKISH WATERMAN

attired in a blue zouave jacket elaborately embroidered with gold, a fez cap and loose striped trousers of the greatest magnificence. Mr. Lyons waxed so eloquent over this costume that it will not be very surprising if he should be found himself impersonating one of these gorgeous Turkish boatmen. Lolling upon his crimson cushions, the visitor will be propelled through to modern Constantinople. The water space here is much larger than was the case last year, and indeed the whole area of this part has been extended. Passing over the several Turkish gunboats lying at anchor, connected only by planks, the visitor will resume his lounge in the caique, and will row past mosques with their gold domes and stained-glass windows, and bazaars with their mosaic pavements to

THE HALL OF A THOUSAND COLUMNS.

This is certainly one of the most astounding reproductions ever attempted. The beautiful columns, each of a varying style of architecture, will be illuminated with coloured lights casting their myriad reflections in the dark water, with here and there a Turkish servitor, grim and silent, holding aloft a flaming torch. The spectator will glide from this spot reluctantly, although his next stopping place will be at the Galata Tower, with its world-famed view of the Golden Horn. Now the Olympian roof is only so many yards high, and the Galata Tower obviously cannot be carried through the roof unless the view from its summit is to be a collection of Kensington chimney-pots and cat-walks. Nevertheless, by a clever illusion which will puzzle London for a long time, the visitor will toil up interminable stairs and reach an apparently giddy height, beneath which the Golden Horn will lie revealed in all its glory. The way out will be under Stamboul Bridge; and then the visitor will make his way to the gallery. One portion of this has been turned

INTO THE FRANKS' QUARTER,

and the shops there will be peopled with Turks, Armenians, Arabs, Greeks, and the hundred other nationalities to be found in the more remote Constantinople. These folks will be found engaged in their respective callings of carpet-weaving, embroidering, slipper-making, ivory turning, and the rest; and with its blue sky overhead, its charming drapery, its pedestals, busts, and Turkish lamps, this quarter will make a popular promenade, a scene of Eastern magnificence. The theatre attached to Olympia, which has never before been utilized, will now be requisitioned for a representation of the interior of the mosque of San Sophia; and when Turkish doors have been brought to England for imitation and for use in the mere bazaars and houses, it is safe to assume that the fidelity with which that wonderful interior will be reconstructed will be proof against the criticism of those most familiar with the original. And yet another great feature of this marvellous show remains to be mentioned. The remainder of the galleries will be given up to side shows—but such side shows! It would not be remarkable if the side shows became the principal part of the exhibition, for the combined ingenuity of the management has been exercised to some purpose.

A SCHEME OF STRIKING NOVELTY

has been invented in connection with these side shows, but the secret must be kept for the present. There are too many rival showmen, who could not resist jumping this claim were they to hear of it. Everything is to be free after purchase of seat. Too many shows are cheap to get in but dear to get out of. There is to be nothing of the sort here, except, of course, a small charge for the caiques for those who prefer riding to walking. Food, too, will be supplied at equitable prices, and, indeed, this management has proved before that it does not let the fact that it has the public at its mercy alter its tariff in the slightest degree. Even now half of the sights, such as the Seraglio Gardens and the Fountain of the Enchanted Fishes, have not been mentioned. There is a fortnight's sightseeing in this great show—or there will be by Boxing Day. A walk round the place compelled one to ask how the vast expenditure could ever be got back. "The public are fine judges of an entertainment," replied Mr. Lyons. "With a seating accommodation of 10,000, such as we have here, it simply doesn't matter what outlay you make, so long as you get a genuinely fine entertainment. Venice ran for fifty-four weeks, with two shows every day. Constantinople will be equal to two Venices. The inference is obvious."

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to any address upon the CONTINENT.

CITY NOTES.

The Mexican Railway Pool.

The pooling arrangement between the various railways of Mexico, which cost so much trouble to bring about, and which has had such far-reaching effects upon the market, is, according to a special cablegram to the *Financial Times*, threatened with disruption on the initiative of the Mexican Railway Company. The managing director wishes, it is said, to have a free hand again, and his proposals to that end are being now considered by the London board. Doubtless some explanatory statement of this remarkable piece of information will be forthcoming. At present it is useless to speculate whether the disruption of the pool is being brought about by pressure on the companies of the Mexican Government and people, to whose benefit it naturally is not that competition should be stifled; or whether the companies find, as has so often been found before, that the maintenance of a working arrangement among them is impossible. The reason given in the telegraphic message, that the Mexican managing director wishes to have a free hand again, seems the most improbable of all. Considering how much has been made by the Mexican Company of the success of their efforts to bring about the combination it is almost incredible.

The Growth of Life Assurance.

One advantage which the British Life Insurance Chart just issued by Messrs. Layton possesses over the many admirable publications of a similar nature, to which we have recently had the pleasure of calling attention, is that, by the simple arithmetical process of addition, summary figures of the life assurance business of the kingdom are presented, Another advantage is the up-to-datedness of the publication. Thus one is not only enabled to compare the accounts of the various competitive companies arranged in such an excellent manner on the chart, but to obtain some idea as to how life insurance as a whole has progressed during the year 1892-3. It is shown that the number of new policies issued was 153,035, insuring £43,657,590 and producing new premiums amounting to £1,730,194. The amount is considerably larger than that of the preceding year, or, in fact, than that of any similar period in life insurance history. The revenue account of all the companies and societies shows a total premium income of £21,800,232, and a total gross income of £30,821,705; while the outgo, comprising life and endowment claims and reversionary bonus, surrenders, cash returns, and annuities, amounting together to £18,676,992, and the expenses, dividends, and sundries, amounting to £6,141,702, give a total of £24,818,694, thus presenting as the year's results an increase of income over outgo of £6,003,011. This, with one exception, is the largest increase that has marked the results of any fiscal year since the Act of 1870 came into force. The ratio of expenses to premium income in the ordinary branch is 14.66 per cent.; and to gross income 9½ per cent.; in the industrial section the expenses are 45 per cent. on the premium income. As to funds, in the ordinary branch the accumulated life and annuity fund amounts to £175,787,194, and the paid-up capital to £10,859,938. In the industrial branch these sums are respectively £10,165,217 life and annuity fund, £663,442 paid-up capital.

Another Satisfactory New York Bank Return.

What happened in New York last week and the week before has happened this. The appearance of the return of the Associated Banks has been anticipated with favourable expectation; it has surpassed in its satisfactory nature the most sanguine of these anticipations, and yet market prices have given way. The figures of the return compared in our usual way are as follows:—

	This Week.	Last Week.	Last Year.
Loans and discounts	£78,498,000	£78,428,000	£92,981,000
Specie	16,158,000	15,732,000	14,384,000
Legal tenders	8,216,000	6,987,000	10,324,000
Deposits	78,196,000	76,790,000	95,318,000
Reserve	24,374,000	22,719,000	24,708,000
Excess compared with legal minimum reserve	4,825,000	3,521,000	878,000

Every item shows increase over last week, it will be seen, and the surplus reserve now stands at quite a substantial figure, especially if the idea has any foundation that the usual autumn demands throughout the country have been to a considerable extent met. Some encouragement is distinctly to be drawn, we think, from the fact that the New York banks, in spite of the adverse influences by which they have been affected, have so rapidly recovered stability. They have regained their position of apparent safety much more quickly than they lost it, and this is not the usual experience.

FINANCIAL DIARY OF THE PAST WEEK.

The following record of the principal events affecting the financial world, which we propose to continue from week to week, may prove of value for the purposes of easy reference. The idea is to give, every Monday, or oftener, a concise history of the preceding financial week:—

Monday, September 25.—Victorian Redemption Loan (£2,107,000 at £96), fully subscribed in a few hours, and closing of list suddenly announced.—Continued rumours of Australian bank amalgamation.

Tuesday, September 26.—Declaration of Coats' dividend at 8 per cent.—Rumours as to Erie reorganization denied.

Wednesday September 27.—Publication of statement by New South Wales Governor promising measures of financial reform, setting apart land revenues, &c., for service of debt and sinking fund.—Favourable Hungarian Budget statement.

Thursday, September 28.—President Cleveland announces himself, within limits, a friend of silver, but declares for immediate and unconditional repeal of the Sherman purchase clause.

Friday, September 29.—The Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust Company suspends payment, and receivers are appointed.—Issue of Louisville and Nashville Railroad stock announced.

Saturday, September 30.—South American Silver Conference proposed.—Sharp fall in the Argentine gold premium, and strength of stocks.—New South Wales Four per Cent. Loan of £2,500,000 placed upon the market and quoted at a premium.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres is 249 per cent., a decline of six points being recorded on Saturday.

Silver bars stand at 34⅛*d.* for immediate delivery, and dollars at 33⅝*d.*

The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad has been visited by a flood, which has washed away the permanent way for a considerable distance, and the damage done, a Dalziel cable states, is greater than has ever before been known on this line. The mails have been ordered to proceed by way of Ogden, and the Californian agents have been ordered to suspend the sale of tickets by this route. It is estimated that four days will be required to repair the damage done by the washout. The storm extended into Texas, and there was a washout on the Union Pacific Gulf Line. A bridge was swept away crossing the Canadian river on the Rio Grande branch to Santa Fé.

The Tallow Trade.—We ventured to predict that the dear prices paid for the inferior qualities would ultimately advance the values of the finer goods, and our anticipations were more than realized at the auctions last week. The small quantity of edible mutton went up like a rocket to 32*s.*, and good mutton touched 30*s.*, being an improvement in one case of 2*s.* 9*d.* per cwt., and in the other of 1*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. Beef, which has all along been relatively dearer, could not be called more than 6*d.* per cwt. better. All last week there was an active demand for tallow, and the old catalogues were cleared at hardening rates, so that at the moment there is very little to be had until the next auctions. The stock is not a small one, but it must include a considerable quantity of tallow that has cost the owners far more money than the prices now ruling. When the market went up into the forties in the early part of the year, and cautious people were "standing from under," large purchases were made of goods afloat and to be shipped at very full prices. All this tallow has come forward, and no inconsiderable part is stored against better times. This creates a scarcity in the midst of plenty, but as prices rise these old bad bargains will be floated off and disappear privately. Tallow does not improve by keeping, and there is a strong prejudice against buying speculators' goods when importers have anything to sell. However, when an article is badly wanted the buyer cannot afford to pick and choose the seller. Cocoanut oil has been lively; the scarcity of Cochin has advanced the price to 33*s.*, and Ceylon, which follows slowly, is 27*s.* 3*d.*

London Agricultural Seed Trade.—Messrs. John Shaw and Sons report that orders for trifolium are still coming forward, which are executed at the extremely low rates now accepted. Winter tares keep strong at the recent advance. Supplies seem nearly exhausted. Rye is 1*s.* dearer. Canary seed daily gains strength, stocks in England proving unprecedently light. Rapeseed tends upwards, whilst mustard is unchanged, and peas and haricots are improving.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

Twelve o'clock

THE WEEK OPENS WITH RENEWED STAGNATION.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The demand for money which always makes itself felt in the market at the end of the month, and especially when it is the end of the quarter as well, having now subsided, rates for short loans are quoted much lower, and the distribution of the quarterly dividends will aid in making the market easier still. Discount, too, is weak, although rates have not changed quotably since Saturday. The Union steamship *Tartar* arrived to-day with £211,857 in native gold from Cape Colony.

The following are the latest loan and discount rates, the Bank rate standing at 3½ per cent.:—

Loans.	Deposits.	Two Months.	Three Months.	Four Months.	Six Months.
Day... 1½	Banks........... 2	Fine Bills 1⅝	1⅝	2	1¾ 1⅞
7 Day 1¾	DsctHses*1½&1¾	Trade Bills 2¼ 3	2¼ ⅜	2¼	2¼ 3

* The National Discount Company allows 1¼ and 2 per cent. respectively.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

Next Contango Day.	*Ticket Day.*	*Pay Day.*	*Consols Pay Day.*
Wednesday, Oct. 11.	Thursday, Oct. 12.	Friday, Oct. 13.	Wednesday, Oct. 4.

Consols in which the settlement commences to-day show no change, and Colonial securities are also quiet. In the Home Railway Department there is no special weakness, but business is dull. Where quotations have changed they have mostly moved in the upward direction, but only fractionally. In the Foreign department many of the securities are quoted ex-dividend to-day, which of course brings the prices considerably below Saturday's level. In calculating to-day's variations shown in the following table we have however first allowed for the deduction of the dividend. On the whole, the Foreign market has been firm. Argentines are supported by the hope that the revolutionary movement is nearing its end, but it is the railway stocks that show the most improvement. The weak close in Wall-street on Saturday, in spite of the satisfactory bank statement, has had its effect upon the market here to-day, most of the quotations being lower. Trunks have been unaffected by the monthly statement given in another column.

The following shows the latest Stock Exchange quotations, the rise (+) or fall (–) which has taken place to-day, and the approximate return per cent. yielded annually by each security purchased by an investor at its present price:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
s.				
2 13	C'nsols (2¾) Mny		98	⅛
2 13	Do. Account ...		98	⅛
2 12	New2½perCents.		96¼	7¼
2 15	LocalLoansStock		103¼	¾
3 19	India3½perCents		107	½
3 1	Do.3perCents....		97	⅜
3 19	Do.4perCent.Rs.	+¼	65	¼
2 19	BankofEglandSt.		330	3
2 18	Mt.Bd.Wks.3p.c.		103½	4½
3 0	Birm'gh'm3½p.c.		113½	14½
3 0	Liverpool 3½ p.c.		115½	16½

COLONIAL SECURITIES.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
3 12	Canada 4 p.c.Reg.		105	7
3 5	Do. 3 p. c. Reg.		95	½
3 9	Cape 3½ p.c.C.In.		100¾	1¼
3 14	Natal 3½ p.c. Ins.		96¾	7¼
3 15	N.S.W. 4 p.c. 1933		100	1
4 1	„ 3½ 1924	+¼	101	⅛
3 16	N'wZlnd4p.c.Cns		105½	6
4 1	Qu'nsl'nd4p.c.Ins		99	100
3 17	S.Astln.4 p.c.R'g.		102¼	¾
4 0	Victoria4 p.c. 1885		97¾	8¼
4 1	Do. 3½ p. c.......		88¼	¾

BRITISH RAILWAYS.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
4 2	Brighton Ord. ...		165	7
4 16	Do. A.........	–⅛	145½	¾
3 14	Caledonian		112¼	13¼
3 9	„ Defer.......		31¼	2¼
nil.	Chatham Ord. ...	+⅛	14	¼
3 9	Do. Pref.........		96½	7
2 17	Great Eastern ...	+⅛	75⅜	⅝
4 8	Gt. Nth.Ord. Def.		52	3
4 3	Do. A		53	5
3 12	Great Western ...		153¼	¾
...	HullandBarnsley		28½	9
3 10	Lanc. and York...		104½	5½
3 17	Met. Consolidted.		81¾	2¼
nil.	Met. District		25⅜	⅞
3 17	Midland	+¼	150	½
3 17	North Brit Pref.		70½	¾
...	Do. Pel.		31⅛	2⅛
3 15	North Eastern ...	+⅛	152¾	3¼
3 14	North Stafford ...		124	6
3 18	North Western...		164¼	¾
2 12	Sheffield		55	7
nil.	Do. A..........	+⅛	24⅞	5⅛
3 13	South Eastern ...		113	15
2 16	Do. Deferred...	–⅜	69¾	70¼
3 10	South Western...		180	2
3 2	Do. Deferred...		64	6
3 6	Do. Preferred...		120	2

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
7 13	Argntin.5 p.c.1886	–1½	57	9xd
9 2	Do.6p.c.Fund'g	+¼	63½	4xd
...	Do. Cedulas A		23	9
...	Do. „ B	+¼	23¾	6¼
6 19	Brazilian 4½ 1888	+¼	62½	3½xd
6 8	Do. 1889		53¾	9¼xd
...	B.Ayres 6 p.c.1883		25	8
...	„ Cedulas I ...		7¼	¾
...	„ „ P...		6⅜	⅝
6 16	Bulgarian		91½	92½
5 17	Chilian 1886.........		77	8
nil.	Colombian		17	18
10 11	Costa Rica A......		53	5
11 18	„ B		49	51
12 5	Ecuador, New ...		35½	6½
4 19	Egypt State Dom.		103¼	¾
4 1	Do. Unified......		101¼	2
4 0	Do. New Daira		102	3
3 15	Do. New 3½p.c.		96⅝	⅞
3 1	French3p.c.R'nt's		97	8xd
4 7	Do. 4½p.c.R'nt's		103	4
...	Greek 5 p.c. 1881...		37	8
...	Do. 5 p.c. 1884...		35	6
9 15	Do. 4p.c.Mon....		39½	40½
...	Do.4p.c.Rts.1889		26½	7½xd
8 18	Guatemala 4p.c....		44	6
nil.	Honduras		5	6
4 7	Hung.Gold R'nt's	–¼	92¼	3¼
5 5	Italian Fives	+⅛	83¾	½
10 10	Mexican6p.c.1888	+¼	61	2xd
nil.	Peruv. Cor.........		6¼	¾
11 3	Do. Preference		20½	1
9 5	Do. Debentures		62½	3½xd
...	P'rt'guese Threes		21¼	½
4 1	Russian 4 p.c. 1889		98¾	9¼xd
6 5	Spanish 4 p.c. ...	+1/16	62⅝	3⅛xd
4 17	Transvaal		103¼	4¼
4 16	Turkish 1854		103½	4½
1 17	Conv. A.		54	½
3 1	Do. B.............	+¼	31	½
4 9	Do. D.............		21⅛	2⅛
4 8	4½ p.c. 1871......		100	½
4 4	Do. Defence '91		97¾	8¼
...	Urugy.Cn.3½ p.c.		31¼	2¼
8 11	Venezuela		34	5

COL. AND FOR. RAILWAYS.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
nil.	B.Ayres&Rosario	+1	48	51
5 0	Do. Gt. Sthrn.	+1	102	4
nil.	Argentine Cenrl.	+4	58	60
...	Do. N.E. Deb.		18	21
...	Do. East		30	33
6 9	Canadian Pacific.	–¼	76¼	½
nil.	Grand Trk. Ord.		7½	⅝
nil.	Do. 1st Pref....	+¾	51½	2
nil.	Do. 2nd Pref....	+¼	33¼	4¼
nil.	Do. 3rd Pref....		18¾	19¼
5 5	Do. Guarantd.		67¼	¾
nil.	Mexican Ord.......		15¼	¾
4 4	Do. 1st Pref...		68¼	¾
nil.	Do. 2nd Pref..		44	6
8 0	Mexican Central.		53	4
...	Mex. Nat. A.		2½	3
15 12	Nitrate Railways	+⅛	14⅛	⅜

AMERICAN RAILROADS

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
£ s.				
...	Atchison Shares.	–⅜	20	½
...	Do. Incomes ...		42½	3½xd
8 15	Cent. Pacific Sh..		21¼	¾
6 11	Chic. Mil. & St. P.	–⅜	61	½
nil.	Davr. & R. Grand	–¼	10	½
...	Do. Pref.		29¼	30¼
nil.	Erie	–⅛	14⅜	⅝
7 18	Do. 2nd Mort....		72	73
...	Do. Pref.		28	30
5 4	Illinois Shares ...		95½	6½
4 16	Lake Shore.........		124	6
7 0	Louis and Nash. .	–⅜	51⅞	2⅛
...	Miss. K. & Texas		11⅜	⅞
4 16	N. Y. Central Sh.		105	6
nil.	N. Y. Ontario......	–¼	15¼	½
...	Norfolk W. Pref.		22¾	3¼
...	North Pacific Pf..	–¾	21¼	¾
nil.	Ohio and Miss....		16¾	17¼
5 2	Pennsylvania Sh.		51⅝	⅞
nil.	Phil. & Read. Sh.	–⅜	8½	¾
...	1st Incomes......		31	33
...	4 p.c. Gold Bds.		69	71
nil.	Union Pacific Sh.	–1	21¼	¾
nil.	Wabash Pref......	–½	15¼	16
nil.	Do. 6 p.c. Deb.	–½	25½	6½

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
5 8	Anglo-American.		50	51
5 8	Brazil Submarine		11⅝	⅞
6 1	Direct U. States..		11⅝	⅞
4 7	Eastern..............		15	¼
4 12	Eastern Extensn.		15¼	½
6 11	National Teleph'n	–⅛	4½	¾
5 6	Tel. Constrn.		32	4

GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
6 2	Brush		2⅞	3
5 6	Gas Light Coke A		235	7
5 8	Imperial Cont. ...		230	5
5 6	S. Metropolitan...		304	8
4 14	Do. B......		249	53
13 5	Swan United		2	½
6 8	Met. Electric ..		6¾	7¼
4 15	Do. 5 p.c. Deb. ...		104	7

MINING AND LAND.

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
...	Bechuanaland ...		9/16	11/16
37 15	Broken HillProp.		2 7/16	9/16
...	Bultfontein N. E.		2/6	3/6
...	Burma Ruby		3/	4/
11 15	Cape Copper		1⅛	5/16
...	Char. S. Africa ...	+1/0	20/0	21/0
5 0	City & Suburban.		9½	¾
...	Cons. G.F.S.Af'ca		1 5/16	7/16
7 5	Crown Reef		6¾	7 1/16
8 1	De Beers		15½	⅝
9 12	Durban Rood'p'rt	+⅛	4⅝	¾
...	Exploring Co. ...		2⅝	⅞
4 9	Geldenhuis		4½	⅝
...	Gordon Diamond.		2/6	3/6
...	Jagersfontein......		14	¼xd
...	Jubilee		6½	¾
4 13	Jumper's Gold ...	+1/16	2 9/16	11/16
...	KimberlyDiamnd		1 1/16	3/16
6 16	Langlaagte		2¾	3
5 13	Mason and Barry		1⅝	¾
...	Mozambique		1 5/16	¾
14 4	Mysore Gold		3 5/16	7/16
nil.	Namaqua		¾	1
...	Oceana Land		2 7/16	9/16
11 12	Ooregum Gold ...		4½	⅝
...	Read's Drift		½	⅝
5 7	Rio Tinto...........		13⅛	¼
5 0	Robinson...........		3⅞	4
...	Seven Stars		¾	1
...	Do. (Gtd.)		1¼	½
...	Silati River.........		1/0	2/0
11 2	Simmer and Jack		3⅝	¾
10 10	S. A. Exploration		9¼	¾
...	Sheba		14/0	15/0
6 15	Tharsis..............		4⅝	¾
...	TransvaalDevelp.		7/0	8/0
...	Do. Land ...		4/0	5/0
...	Wemmer	⅛	3⅞	4⅛
...	Wentworth Pr. ...		⅝	¾
nil.	Do. Ord..		5/6	6/6
...	CA&Zoutpansbrg		3/0	3/6

MISCELLANEOUS

Yield		M'vent to-day.	Latest Price.	
3 18	Aërated Bread ...		7¾	8
nil.	Allsopps		50	51
6 10	Do. Pref. ...		100	102
6 16	Bk. of Australasia		51	3
7 19	Bk.of N.S. Wales.		41	3
...	Bell's Asbestos...		3¼	4
5 19	Bryant and May..		14⅜	⅞
5 8	Coats Ord.		15¼	½
4 2	Do. Pref.........		14⅜	⅝
nil.	E. & W. India Dk.		19	21
nil.	Eastman's Ord....		3½	¾
nil.	Elmore's Copper.		⅜	⅝
...	Fraser&Chalmrs.		1	¼
6 9	Gordon Hotels ...		15⅜	⅞
4 11	Guinness & Co. ...		335	8
nil.	Ham'nd's Meat ...		2⅜	⅝
nil.	Hotchkiss		⅝	⅞
4 0	Hudson's Bay ...		13¾	14¼
5 15	Lond. & St.K.Dk.		43	5
nil.	Maxim-N'rd'nflt.		¼	½
...	Pears		5⅜	⅝
5 10	P. & O. Steam D.		181	4
nil.	Primitiva Nitrate		4⅛	⅜
2 5	Rail. Invest. Def.		15	16
6 15	Ryl. Mail Steam..		48	51
23 14	St. Louis Brew...		2½	3
...	Salt Union Sh'res		3½	¾
nil.	San Donato.........		1¼	½
12 10	San Jorge		5¼	½
14 0	San Pablo		3¾	4
7 18	S.Afric.Gld. Trst.		13/0	14/0
5 14	Spratt's Patent ...		8¼	¾
3 15	Suez Canal		107	8
...	Trustees Exctors		5¼	4¾ dis.
5 16	Union Bk.of Aust.		41	3

In the following table are given the latest official prices and the return to the investor, of some of the less active securities not included in our general statement above. The list, it will be seen, is composed chiefly of steady-going, prior charge issues, better known to investors than speculators:—

Yield.		Price.	Yield.		Price.	Yield.		Price.
£ s.	*Govt., Corpn., &c.*		£ s	*American Bonds.*		£ s.	*Miscellaneous.*	
2 18	Egyptn. Gtd.......	102¼	3 17	Illinois 4 p.c. Gold	103	4 4	Alliance Assur. ...	9¼
3 4	Leeds 4 p.c.	115	4 13	Louisville 5 p.c. G.	103	4 4	Allsopp 4½ Debs.	107
3 1	Manchester 4 p.c.	131	5 5	Mis. Kan. Tex. 4 G.	77½	3 13	Bass 4½ Deb. ...	121
3 13	Ceylon 4 p.c. Ins.	112	3 14	N.Y. Cent. 4 p.c. G	104	3 17	Chelsea Wtrwks.	25½
	Home Rails.		5 2	N.Y. Erie, 1 C. 1920	131	4 0	Coats 4½ Deb. ...	114
2 19	Caledon 4 Deb. .	137	3 12	Penns 4½ Gold ...	114	4 0	E.&W.Ind. DkDb	93½
3 0	Do. 4 Pref.	131		*Indian Railways.*		3 17	East London Watr	215½
3 0	Gt. Eastn. 4 Deb.	133	3 12	Bengal Nag Gtd.	113½	7 8	England Assur. ...	3½
2 18	Gt. Northn. 3 Deb.	102	3 13	Bom. Bar. 5 Gtd.	194½	5 17	Fn. & Cl. Inv. Df.	9½
3 1	Do. 4p.c. Per. Pr..	133	3 2	Gt. Ind. Pen 4 Deb.	123½	3 12	Guinness 5 Deb.	122
3 2	Gt. Wstn. Guar. 5	161	3 8	Madras 5 p.c. Gtd.	143½	4 2	Lambeth Water...	241½
2 19	Lan.&Yrk. 4 Deb.	134		*Banks*		3 9	L.St.KDk4pcDb.	114
3 1	Do. Cons. 4 Pref.	129	5 11	Bk of New Zealand	4¼	3 19	London Gen. Om.	151½
2 18	Lnd.&N.W.4 Db.	133	5 8	City Bank	19	4 5	London Road Car	6¼
3 0	Do. 4 Cons. Pref.	132	5 0	Lloyds	25½	4 0	Mn.ShpCan.4 Db	100
2 18	Ldn&S.W.B4Db.	137	4 10	London & County	85	3 14	New River New	327½
3 0	Do. Cons. 4 Pref.	131	4 5	London & Westr.	55½	2 15	N.British & Merc.	34
3 1	Ldn. Brtn. 4½ Db.	150	4 13	London Joint Stk.	31½	6 17	N. Metro. Trams.	11
3 6	LdnCht 4½ PerDb	142	4 7	National Prov. ...	49	4 14	Norwich Un. Fire	96
19	Midland 3 Deb....	103	4 18	Parrs & Alliance	72	4 3	Sth.&Vxhll. Watr	151½
3 1	Do. 4 Perp. Pref...	130	5 19	Prov. of Ireland...	21½	4 15	Sun Fire	8½
2 19	N. Eastern 4 Deb.	134	4 14	Union of London	32½	3 18	W.Middlesex Wtr	230½
3 2	Do. 4 Pref.	129						

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST IN LIFE ASSURANCE.

WHAT IS THE FITTEST?

The further letter on life assurance from M. Gautier de Ste. Croix, which we published on Thursday, has evoked the following response, among others, from a life assurance authority. In connection with what the writer has to say about ourselves it is scarcely necessary to point out that a journal in opening its columns to a much demanded discussion on this important subject must obviously allow statements to appear which may not coincide with the opinions of those who differ from their author. The *Pall Mall* can neither agree nor disagree with all the opinions its correspondents express, but is discussion on that account to be stifled?

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—I do not know what qualifications Mr. Gautier de Ste. Croix may possess to constitute him an authority on life assurance, but his doctrines, as expressed in the letter which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 28th inst. are altogether subversive of the true principles of life assurance. Under cover of writing articles for the instruction of the public, he is using your columns to advertise the Tontine policies of the American companies.

Life assurance in its purity is a scientific means of equalizing the inequalities caused by the uncertainty of life, and every improvement has aimed at devoting the profits in such a way as to increase the amount assurable in the event of early death. Its adoption by those who have any one dependent upon them is certainly a most laudable object. The American Tontine system aims at giving to the few who are able to keep up their payments for a series of years the profits made out of the misfortunes of those who have failed, and looks upon a man who dies as almost committing a fraud upon the fund. Thus a noble object is turned into a sordid speculation.

And yet Mr. Gautier de Ste. Croix, speaking of the latter system, says, "it meets the class who seek life insurance as a means of thrift or from other laudable motive, rather than those who take it up as a mere makeshift gamble on their lives." Where are the "means of thrift," if a man after paying premiums for nineteen years is to lose all if he cannot make the twentieth payment? Where is the "laudable motive" in making a profit out of others' misfortunes? Mr. Gautier de Ste. Croix seems to revel in these misfortunes, for he says:—"Thus a financial crisis, by the increase in failures it would produce, would bring about an increase in increment, &c." Why! it is at those very times that a man who has insured his life as a "means of thrift" wants help, and in every British insurance company he could borrow at least one-third of the premiums he has paid to enable him to keep his policy in force. The best comment that can be made upon the system advocated by Mr. Gautier de Ste. Croix, is that when its true working was discovered in this country it became so discredited that the American companies had to bring out their semi-Tontine policies, under which they promised to give a surrender value, *not in cash*, but by way of a sum payable at death to those who are unable to pay their premiums immediately they become due; but they have not yet I believe, got so far as to enable a Tontine policy-holder to keep up his payments by borrowing on his policy.

In conclusion, I can only express my surprise that a paper of the high character of the *Pall Mall Gazette* should allow such a statement to appear in its columns as that those who seek pure and legitimate life assurance "take it up as a mere makeshift gamble on their lives." Those who do "gamble" in that way do not play to win, as is the temptation held out in the other system. Appeals to the baser side of human nature may prosper for a time, but the survival of the fittest means the survival of

London, Sept 30. Legitimate Life Assurance.

COLONIAL REVENUE STATEMENTS.

VICTORIA, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AND NEW SOUTH WALES.

Melbourne, Monday.—The revenue of the colony of Victoria during the past three months amounted to £1,550,000, being a decrease of £250,000 as compared with the same quarter of last year. The decrease in customs amounted to £170,000, and in railways to £80,000.

Sydney, September 30.—The revenue of New South Wales for the quarter ended to-day is better than was expected, amounting to £2,400,000. As compared with the corresponding period of last year, however, it shows a falling off of £197,000. The decrease for each month is July £114,000, August £60,000, and September £21,000, considerable signs being thus afforded that a general improvement has set in.

Adelaide, Monday.—The revenue for the past quarter of the colony of South Australia amounted to £550,000, being an increase of £9,000 over the receipts of the corresponding quarter of 1892. The returns from customs show a decrease of £21,000, and those from railways an increase of £25,000.—*Reuter.*

SILVER DAY BY DAY.

Washington, Monday.—The present week may prove one of surprises in the Senate. It is possible that an agreement may be reached to finally dispose of the projected repeal of the silver purchasing clause in the Sherman Act by means of a compromise.

It is understood, however, that the latter alternative would not be resorted to until it became evident that the bill would not pass undefeated in its present shape.

Mr. Jones, of Nevada, is preparing an exhaustive treatise on the silver question, and his address may occupy several days in its delivery.—*Reuter.*

GRAND TRUNK STATEMENT.

The statement of the Grand Trunk Railway for the month of August shows the following results:—Grand Trunk: Gross receipts, £819 *increase*; working expenses, £488 *decrease*; net profit, £1,307 *increase*. Chicago Grand Trunk: Gross receipts, £19,466 *increase*; working expenses, £5,664 *increase*; net profit, £13,802 *increase*. Detroit, Grand Haven: Gross receipts, £2,417 *decrease*; working expenses, £147 *decrease*; net profit, £2,270 *decrease*.

A JARVIS CONKLIN CIRCULAR.

The official circular which has been issued from the London office of the Jarvis Conklin Mortgage Trust Company, announcing the recent appointment of receivers, states that in consequence of information received by cable, it is with much regret that the company has found it necessary to suspend its payments for the present. The financial crisis in America renders it difficult to collect moneys which would in ordinary times be paid with the utmost readiness and ease. An appeal has been made to the shareholders to meet the call on the unpaid balance of their shares in advance, and the willing and immediate response of many has been the result. A large sum has been received, which is in hand; but not quite enough to meet the whole of what is due to the company's creditors during the next few weeks. Further amounts are being received daily. It has been felt to be necessary, however, in order to protect the interests of every one concerned, that a receiver should be appointed. This step has accordingly been taken. A scheme will be submitted at the earliest practicable moment, under which the assets, which it is believed are ample to meet all liabilities, will be preserved, and by which, on the condition of necessary time being obtained, all loss will, it is hoped, be avoided. The time required for this purpose need not, it is believed, be long. The harvest in the States is ample, and as soon as money begins again to move westward there is little doubt that collections and the market for securities will resume their normal condition. The directors trust that the shareholders and creditors of the company alike will feel that the step which has been taken is one which could not, under the circumstances, be avoided, and confidently assure them that no effort will be spared to deal successfully with the difficulties which it is not possible to overcome for the moment.

Traffic.—Bristol Trams, £112 *increase*.

An official communication from the Antilles states, *Dalziel* says, that a dangerous microbe has made its appearance there among the sugar canes, and that it is likely to cause very serious injury.

To-Morrow's Business Engagements.

Van Ryn Est. & Gd. Mg...	Winchester House, 12	Bank of Scotland...........	Edinburgh, 12.30
The Cyprus Co..............	Winchester House, 2	Pan-American Bimetallic Conference	St. Louis
New Welsh Slate............	Winchester House, 3		

The discount rates now ruling at miscellaneous foreign centres are as follow:—

	Bank	Mkt		Bank	Mkt		Bank	Mkt		Bank	Mkt
Hamburg	5	4¼	Amsterdam......	5	4½	Madrid	5	5	Calcutta	4	—
Frankfort	5	4⅜	Rome	5½	3¼	Lisbon............	6	6¼	Bombay	3	—
Vienna...........	4	4	St. Petersburg	4½	5	Melbourne......	7 7½	—			

The following are the latest rates of exchange quoted at miscellaneous foreign centres on London:—

Amsterdm.short	12.05	Madridsight...	30.55	RioJ'n'iro, 90 dys	12¼d.	Calcutta trans.	1/2 23-32
Hamburg, 3mos	20.24	Rome...........	28.18	B. Ayres, 90 dys	47½d.	Bombay trans.	1/2 23-32
Frankfort	20.24	Lisbon	42½d.	M'ntevid'o, 90 dys	51d.	H'ngk'ng, 4mo.	2/5¾
Vienna	125.30	Athens..........	42.40	Valpriso 90 dys	1/3¾d.	Shanghai, 4mo.	3/4¾
S.Petrsbg. 3mo.	95.45	Constantinple, 3m.	109.62	M'lb'rn, 60 dys.	⅝p.¾dis.	Lima	25d.

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

VALKYRIE'S DESIGNER.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. G. L. WATSON.

It was in autumn, and across the Sound of Arran we could see the flag flying at the tower of Brodick Castle to tell that the Duke of Hamilton and party were busy with the red grouse. But it was with the little winged fleet of yachts which lay between us and the purple sides of the hills that our minds were occupied. The occasion was the annual regatta, and we had come over from "the adjacent island of Great Britain," as the local parson used to put it in his prayer, to witness the last sailing matches of the Clyde season.

"Surely that cannot be the wee Pearl, second boat," said Fife of Fairlie a stout, heavily-built man, who sat by our side on a little heather hillock, on the Greater Cumbrae. Every one knows or has heard of Fife of Fairlie, the builder of such famous yachts as Fiona, Neva, Cuckoo, at that time the most noted boat-builder in Great Britain. "That is the wee Pearl, second boat," we replied, after a look through the glass; "and what's more, she has a reef down while the other is carrying her whole mainsail."

Fife's brother Allan had steered the boat Pearl, which had never known defeat in all her races, but here Watson had contrived in the new boat, in her first match, something able to carry her whole canvas and beat Pearl in a beat to windward in a fresh breeze and lumpy sea. Card and flag told that the leader was Clotilde. She drew the winning gun, and we dropped down the hill to the beach. "What boat is this?" everybody asked. "She was built," said a shipbuilding man, "under a railway arch at Govan, and designed by a Mr. Watson, who at one time was one of Billy Pearce's boys in Napier's yard."

We pulled on board the commodore's craft and found that a protest had been lodged against the winner as being over the size. The protest was well founded. Clotilde had been built for Dublin Bay, where, according to the measurement then prevailing, a five-tonner was fully five and a quarter. Mr. Watson, a very quiet, unassuming man was a little annoyed about it. It was his first real introduction to yacht-racing, which he entered upon, as into life, with his feet bare. He always had a fearful aversion to boots and stockings while sailing. "It won't be difficult for 'George' to stand with his hat off in presence of the German Emperor in Meteor or the Prince in Britannia," said a yachtsman, "but will they get him to put on a pair of shoes?"

However, Watson's work was soon again to the front. A new five-tonner appeared next year to the order of a Mr. Kinsley, of the Irish Model Yacht Club. It was Kinsley who once "stole the starting gun" with the famous Wee Pet, of Kingstown. He saw she was going to be over the line a quarter of a minute too soon; but he also saw the gunner with a hot poker standing by the side of the commodore while the latter was minding the watch. "Fire!" shouted Kinsley with a loud voice. Off went the gun, and off went Pet with a flying start, which she held to the finish. This finesse, however, did not bring Billy Pearce's boy right to the front, and it was rumoured he also got paid in part for his work in rollicking Irish stories, in the telling of which Kinsley was an adept.

Many years have gone by since. Mr. Watson has grown into a great reputation meanwhile. So one looks back with interest to the fact that after the incident just related the future designer of Valkyrie turned journalist for a time. He added to his living by writing reports for a Glasgow daily and a London weekly journal of the Clyde regattas. The writer was always with him on these occasions, and has to say if naval architecture gained by his withdrawal, the press lost a very good man. Earlier still, in 1851 it was, when the America came over to collar the coveted cup, "G. L.," as he is termed by his intimates, came into the world. His father was Dr. Watson, an able physician and noted Latin scholar, the friend of Thackeray and Shirley Brooks, who stayed at his house when in Scotland. His mother, the estimable old lady who christened Valkyrie, was a daughter of Timothy Burstall, an engineering rival of George Stevenson, who would have made as great a name as the latter, had he been given a scientific training. Dr. Watson succumbed to an illness contracted professionally when his family were very wee bairns.

Valkyrie's designer when under very short canvas evinced a passion for sailing boats, at first in Inverkip Bay on the Clyde, having as mentor at that time Captain Mackie, who little thought he would one day sail for the boy the steel cutter Vanduara. George, no doubt, got scolded like the rest for wetting the tack of his pinafore in his early voyages, but his love of boat-sailing was great. His brother, Malcolm Watson, took to other pursuits, and those who have been up at German Reed's will have well enjoyed themselves over his "Tally-ho." If ever we are to have a yachting play with yachting scenes then he is the man to lay down the lines. Very early "G. L." was identified with the great shipbuilding firm of Napier and Son, Glasgow, which was then managed by Mr. William Pearce, subsequently to be known to the world as Sir William Pearce, Baronet, M.P., designer of Alaska, Etruria, Umbria, &c. Had any witch read Mr. Pearce's destiny at that time, and told him that he would die a millionaire, and all that, there would have been a copious flow of that language which the Clyde ministers say is excusable only when things go wrong at a launch.

Every morning at half-past five saw Valkyrie's designer with his little pannikin of tea for breakfast on his way to the yard, and when the whistle blew he was hard at work in the modelling or drawing lofts or outside in the yard. He learned his business thoroughly. His five years out, he entered the yard of Messrs. A. and J. Inglis, of Pointhouse, and here the fever of yachting seized him. Mr. John Inglis being an enthusiastic yachtsman, Watson saw his way to revolutionize the yachting world as he thought, and he built a five-tonner called Peg Woffington, which was flat-bottomed and not at all like the modern wedgy productions. "Peg" was no good, no matter from what direction or how strong the wind blew. So he wisely came back to the old system, learning not a little from Mr. Inglis's yacht Hilda in the matter of ballasting as well as actual sailing experience. His next venture, Clotilde, has already been spoken about.

After Finesse came Vril, which was a three-partnered venture on the part of the designer and two very old bachelor friends, Messrs. Hilliard and Lawrence. Pearl had been sold into the Firth of Forth, and Fife had received commissions for a five-tonner, putting down another alongside for himself. A little locket at the writer's watch-guard, with a camellia in centre, is a happy reminiscence of the first of these—Camellia, in which we won a Corinthian race, with three others, young Will Fife, designer of Clara, &c., steering, no paid hands being allowed. We won the corresponding race the following year in Vril, three of an amateur crew being allowed—one too few, as we found when running, cruising Loch Long under the big spinnaker. Camellia was smartly handled by Tommy Dudley, who subsequently figured in the dreadful tale of the sea as the skipper of the Mignonette. Camellia and Clio were almost twin boats, and took an occasional race from the Vril, but the latter was the best over the season, being exceedingly weatherly. Bevor Webb, now in America, designer of Genesta and Galatea, was feeling his way as a designer at that time, and produced a five-tonner called Freda, which was the flyer of the south. The Clydesdale men thought they could beat her, and matches were arranged to be sailed the best of three races for £50 aside between Vril and Freda to begin with, next with Freda and Camellia. Had Vril been better handled she should have won, but as it was Freda won both matches and gave Webb some little reputation.

The Verve, ten-tonner, to the order of Mr. R. L. Wyllie, the present vice-commodore of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, was the next order. She was also a very good boat going to windward, but could not reach fast enough to win against Florence. Her hardest match was her opening one in the memorable race from Campbell to Ardrishaig in the Royal Northern Yacht Club opening cruise. That race was quite as close and hard as the recent one for the Brenton Cup, the big schooner Selene, after tacking a score of times across Loch Long in a hard strong breeze, losing the Cup to the old Condor yawl by one second only. It was a fair hard beating all the way from the moment sheets were flattened at Skipness, being able all to fetch across Loch Fyne as high as Laird Lamont's House, the Ardlamont of the present Hambrough shooting mystery. Verve beat Florence, the ten-ton crack of that day; also the Gondola, a clever little boat sailed by Jack Carter now of Britannia, whose crew of one was the younger brother of Cranfield, Valkyrie's skipper. It was in Gondola that Jack won his yachting spurs. Verve went to America, and won some matches on Lake Ontario. Quiraing, the next ten-tonner, was found equal to lowering Florence's colours, the latter having gone round to the Thames ere this. She was Barr's first real racing charge, he having sailed a patched-up boat of Mr. Inglis's named Blanche, which had been wrecked and knocked to pieces. Barr sailed May, 40-tonner, afterwards, then Thistle (now Meteor). His brother, the captain of Clara, sailed Navahoe in her first matches here. Mr. Robert Wyllie had built for him another boat, which he also named Verve, and this was quite equal to all expectations. The famous 10 tonner Madge followed, and proved, under Captain Bobby Duncan's management, a bit of a flier at home and in America, to which she was shipped.

Still working with small boats was not altogether to Watson's mind, and he found his opportunity when Mr. John Clark, of Paisley, owner of the old Condor, lost in Douglas harbour, and the new Condor, built to replace her, gave him unlimited scope to build the fastest racing cutter he could think of. This was the celebrated "steel cutter" Vanduara, which created quite a sensation in the yachting world. She carried Vril's old fighting flag, a "V" in white on a black ground, and that with unprecedented success in all weathers, though the Samoena, also a new ninety, meeting her in the end of a light wind season, took a large number of winning flags from her. The boat was built of steel, with ballast run into the truncated keel or trough, and this gave her great sail-carrying power. She won all of her three opening races on the Thames easily, but was disqualified for the second on account of being over the line too soon. This was as ugly a piece of work as the recent Queen's Cup business at Cowes or the finishing of the Brenton Reef match. Cuckoo was also disqualified, it being impossible to make out the imaginary line through the low-driven smoke from the commodore's steamer. On the third day, sailing against Formosa, on board of which was the owner, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of York, in a hard beat home she fairly sailed round the Prince's cutter, and Watson knew his reputation was safe.

The performances of the Wendur yawl, May 40-tonner, Marjorie, &c., need not here be alluded to. Some of his best vessels, like the schooner Lenore, for which he received the gold medal at the London Shipwrights' Exhibition, were never sailed. This fleet ranges, if all put together, from a small one-and-a-half rater to the magnificent steam yachts Amy and Mohican, the largest and finest of their class.

As regards Watson's ideas in racing, they are pretty well fixed. The boat that can go to windward will, in seven cases out of ten on the English coast prove the winner. In this there is nothing new, for in the days of privateering a vessel which could go well to windward had but to put her nose to the gale to escape from the guns of some frigate making as much leeway as a hay-laden Thames barge. It is the policy pursued with steam at the present day in building fast cruisers. The working out of the plan is carefully done in figures, not an inch of water-bearing surface being left to rule of thumb. So there are no lumps on the bow or drag-making bumps at the stern, the water being met smoothly and as smoothly left behind.

How Valkyrie will do with Vigilant we shall all learn this week, but we believe that her designer, who has a high idea of Herreshoff's type of boats, is afraid only because of the lighter material of which the American boats are constructed. The Clyde shipbuilders also are looking anxiously to the result on this account, as having a bearing on the future of their trade.

Then we have the American flag now carried on American-owned steamers, so that the carrying trade, almost exclusively our own till very recently, seems likely to be cut up between German and American steamers so far as the Atlantic is concerned. Viewed from this point of view, much more interest attaches to the coming contest for the America Cup than to any previous race, and certainly more than would to a sculling match between a Hanlan and a Bubear.

Mr. Watson finds time also to act as consulting naval architect to the Royal Lifeboat Society, and it would be well if some such man were given charge of the granting of certificates to the "drowning machines," yclept pleasure-boats, which swamp holiday seekers every summer at our seaside watering places.

INTERNATIONAL BILLIARDS.

NEW MATCH BETWEEN ROBERTS AND IVES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT).

(PER ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.—The billiard match between Frank Ives, the American champion, and John Roberts, the English champion, will begin at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the Lenox Lyceum. The match is 10,000 points up for a stake of 1,000 dols. and the net receipts. Two games of 800 points each will be played daily, one in the afternoon at three o'clock and the other in the evening at eight o'clock until Saturday, when 1,000 points will be played in the afternoon and evening.

The principals in the match, accompanied by friends, posted their money with the *Sun* this evening, and agreed upon Budd Schofield as scorer. The referee will be selected from the audience each day. The famous old player Sexton will probably officiate first day.

The coming match differs from that played at Chicago, inasmuch as the pockets are 3⅜ in. instead of 3 in. wide. Roberts thinks this will prevent Ives scoring large runs on the rail, as he will have trouble passing the pockets.

Ives said this evening, "I'm so confident of winning that I am willing to bet 1,000 dols. more on myself. Roberts is a great player, but I think I've mastered the English game thoroughly. I am playing 40 per cent. better than when in England."

After playing Roberts, Ives will try Schaeffer at a fourteen-inch baulk-line game for 2,500 dols. a side at Chicago.

Roberts, when spoken to, said modestly that he thought he would win, as he was in better trim that when in Chicago.

Ives is favourite in the little betting done.

OPENING OF THE PHEASANT SHOOTING.

Pheasant shooting commenced in East Kent this morning, in brilliant weather. The preserves are well stocked with strong healthy birds. Shooting parties are being entertained at the seats of the Earl of Cranbrook, Baron Brabourne, Lord Gerard, Lord Hothfield, Sir John Honywood, and Captain Heathcote, M.P. In Dumfriesshire the sport opened in rainy weather. Birds are plentiful.

A Luton correspondent writes:—In the eastern and midland counties a dull, damp morning was associated with the opening of the pheasant shooting season. Nevertheless, sportsmen were early astir, and some excellent sport was encountered over the Marquis of Exeter's and Lord Burghley's preserves. Reports speak of birds being plentiful. Some good bags were made before luncheon, most of which were despatched to the London market by the early trains.

Early this morning, Mr. Overton and several Royal gamekeepers shot over the outskirts of Windsor for the purpose of supplying her Majesty's table at Balmoral. The Prince of Wales and a distinguished party are expected in a few days for the purpose of shooting in Windsor Great Park. In the districts of South Berks and South Bucks the birds have reared well, and are healthy and strong.

The season opened auspiciously in East Sheen and Herts. On Lord Salisbury's Lord Rookwoood's, and Lord Brook's extensive preserves, there has seldom been a better show of birds. The broods which are numerous have thriven remarkably during the last few months. Guns on the smaller estates were also numerous, and the reports show that several good bags were made before noon.

CYCLING NOTES.

The open fifty miles cycling handicap of the Bath Road Club, held on the Great North Road, was remarkable as proving conclusively the vast difference in a rider's speed which pace-making makes. The winner, F. Buckle, of Peterborough, not only ran through the handicap, but made the fastest time of any competitor in the race, beating the record for an out-and-home course by nearly four minutes, in 2 h. 31 min. 18 sec. He was given eleven minutes start of Lewis Stroud, the fifty miles path champion, and C. A. Smith, hon. sec. of the promoting body; the result shows that he could have given them over 1 min. start. It was a perfectly legitimate win, and fully deserved. The extraneous aid which a rider can secure in the way of fast pacemakers cannot be taken into account by the handicapper, and Buckle's most recent performance—2 h. 50 min. 12 sec.—did not make he allowance of eleven minutes appear at all ex cessive.

A faster combination than that which made the pace for Buckle in the race in question could scarcely be found, F. T. Bidlake and F. W. Shorland having proved themselves undoubtedly the best roadmen of the year. They had had little previous practice together upon the tandem safety which they used for pacing purposes, but they went every inch of the way with Buckle, and must also have beaten the competition record for their class of machine, the previous best being 2 h. 34 min. 30 sec., made by S. D. Begbie and W. W. Robertson in a North Road club contest a fortnight ago.

Should the weather become settled during the current week several attempts upon road records will be made. Ernest Leitch, of the Polytechnic C.C., and one of the most reliable team-racers extant, has designs upon the 100-miles record, for which he will choose a straightaway course—with the wind, of course. W. W. Robertson will attack the tricycling record for London to Brighton and back; and R. Palmer, of the Clapham Cycling Club, is similarly covetous of the same journey's record upon a safety. C. A. Smith, Bath Road Club, who has twice previously held this record, contemplates regaining it, so that, weather conditions being favourable, a busy week of highway speeding is imminent.

Ernest Osmond, joint holder with J. W. Stocks, the twenty-five miles champion, of the one-hour record for tandem safeties, had a new partner on Saturday at Herne Hill—T. W. Good, of the Catford Cycling Club, to wit. Good is an exceptionally fast cyclist, little removed from championship form, and the pair made the fastest time for half a mile, standing start, ever accomplished—1 min. 0 4-5 sec. The previous best time for any class of machine is the 1 min. 1 4-5 sec. which A. A. Zimmerman accomplished at Hartford, Conn., on September 8 last year. H. C. Tyler is said to have done 1 min. 0 2-5 sec. at Springfield, Mass., on September 14 this year, but the time is not yet accepted by the racing board of the L.A.W

THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

AN AFTERNOON AT BLACKHEATH.—SATURDAY'S MATCHES

Fears have been expressed by some of the organs of "light and leading" in the football world that Blackheath would this season show a falling off in their form. Some old players are dropping out, and the new ones are not looked upon as quite efficient substitutes. How far these fears are well grounded we shall scarcely be able to prove so early in the season, but Saturday's match against Croydon showed that the club is still a long way ahead of its rivals.

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, and therefore a pleasure to visit the pleasantly situated Rectory Field, Blackheath—the home of one of the oldest football clubs in England. Blackheath F.C. traces its history back to 1860, and although there have been numerous offshoots the parent stem has sustained its strength and vigour through all the thirty-three years.

When the game was first practised by the Blackheath Club it is evident that it partook largely of the character of the famous annual match "Up-streeters *v.* Down-streeters," at Chester-le-Street, in Durham; or the equally noted yearly encounters which took place at Derby, Ashbourne, and other places, in which the number of players was unlimited and the goals two or three miles apart.

At any rate the teams often consisted of 20 players a side, and the playing arena was much larger than the present ground. As the popularity of the game increased the Blackheath Club prospered, and for years the game of the season in the programmes of English, Scotch, and Welsh clubs has been that with Blackheath.

There was a large crowd present on Saturday afternoon, and most of them were quite delighted with the splendid three-quarter back work of Fegan, Latter, Marshall, and Hubbard. Latter was making his début with the team, and was doubtless anxious to show to advantage. This made him rather selfish once or twice, and a try was lost by his endeavouring to get over by mere strength, when a pass to Fegan would have made the thing quite safe. It might be remarked, "But what did it matter when the score was so heavy?"

There was nothing impressive about the "scrums." Through playing four three-quarters "The Club" were of course one short in the pack, but still the Croydon team were very light and should not have "held" the Heathens as they often did. But there was no real scrummaging such as one sees when a couple of Yorkshire teams get their shoulders together. On both sides each forward seemed to be shoving "all on his own," and there was scarcely ever a sustained effort.

Croydon began with the wind in their favour, and held their ground fairly well at first, but little Baiss, the idol of the schoolboys, was soon over the line, and Fegan converted his try into a goal. Not very long after a very fine passing run by Latter, Marshall, and Hubbard resulted in a second point, which was placed from a nice position, but Fegan failed at the kick, and nothing more being done the teams crossed over with the score one goal one try to nil.

Croydon restarted in better form. The halves picked up well, and, as a rule, dashed daringly into the crowd of Blackheath players in the vain hope of getting through. But they were mere children to their opponents, and the careful manner in which they were laid out on the greensward at times suggested the combination of firmness and gentleness of a kind but wise parent dealing with a refractory child.

"They have no luck," remarked a spectator, and, it might have been added, "No idea of trying to dodge round on the outside, instead of dashing into the thick of the pack."

Still Croydon held their own in a lot of loose forward play. Marshall got very dissatisfied with this. "Forwards, you must get that ball" was the peremptory command. The order was obeyed, and Fegan was soon seen careering down dangerously near the Croydon goal line. He was stopped, but a very "soft" try followed immediately, which Fegan converted.

From this point the Croydon men seemed beaten. The four three-quarter backs got hold once more, and, dashing away in fine style, simply ran round the defence with their beautiful passing, and Marshall was over the line in less time than it takes to write it. The kick for goal was the most difficult one of the match, but Fegan brought it off, much to the delight of the spectators, many of whom were exercising their brains by counting up the points. "Good old Evershed" was the cry when that player was seen dashing away with the ball, and the praise was unstinted when he added to the score. From this try Fegan added a fourth goal. Baiss ran in next, but Fegan failed to improve upon his effort, although directly after he made up for it by dropping a goal.

The game was very fast at this point, and Fegan got over himself but failed at goal. Latter showed some brilliant but selfish play at this period But after losing one chance he got over, although very lame from a kick. This try Fegan did convert into a goal.

Here the scoring ended. Six goals (one dropped) and three tries was the Blackheath total, against which the opposing team could not show a single point. Further comment is superfluous—Croydon were outclassed.

Of the other Rugby matches in the South, Richmond scored a win over Rosslyn Park by 13 points to none. The score was made up of two goals and a try. In the first half Hunt crossed the line, and J. Jackson converting. Atcheler ran in the second time, and Jackson again succeeded in kicking a goal. In the second half F. A. Jackson scored, but this time the point was not improved upon. The visitors played a good game, although they failed to score. Harlequins and Old Leysians were playing at Chiswick Park, when the former won by a goal and a try to a dropped goal.

The big match in the Lancashire Rugby competition was that between Salford and Broughton, which Salford won by a goal and three tries to nil; but their dear neighbours and fierce rivals, Swinton, were only able to draw with Oldham, neither side scoring. The Yorkshiremen were also busy with their competitions, and the team of all the talents, Bradford, were again beaten, this time by Manningham, who won on their own ground by six points to four.

All the sixteen teams in the first division of the Association League were at work, and some curious results were obtained. Aston Villa, who have proved so strong on their own ground, received a visit from Derby County, but were only able to draw. In all other games a definite result was obtained. There was a big fight at Wolverhampton between the Wanderers of that town and Sheffield United, which the visitors just managed to win by four goals to three.

At Nottingham, West Bromwich Albion were victorious over the Forest by three goals to two, a decision arrived at just upon time. In fact, the spectators considered that the time was up before the referee did, and rushing on to the field stopped the match. The referee, Mr. Ashmole, of Leicester, was the subject of an attack, and had to be escorted off the ground by the police. Darwen just beat Newton Heath by one goal to none, but Preston North End obtained a decisive victory over Bolton Wanderers by three goals to nil, a success which will be welcomed by all true lovers of the Association game, as it shows that the Preston team are, so to speak, rising again, phœnix-like. Stoke at Burnley were no match for the local team, and retired beaten by four goals to none. At Sheffield the Wednesday Club retrieved some of their lost laurels by beating Blackburn Rovers by four goals to two.

Sunderland, the champions of the League, came a fearful cropper at Liverpool, being beaten by Everton by no less than seven goals to one. No one can imagine for a moment that this is the true form. Sunderland are the victims of too much football.

In the Second League Division the game of greatest interest, perhaps, was that between Woolwich Arsenal and Newcastle United, which took place on the banks of the Tyne. The Woolwich men made the journey north on Friday afternoon, but were beaten by six goals to none. Great complaints have been heard against the conduct of the spectators and the referee, but the Newcastle people are good sportsmen as a rule, and one cannot believe all alleged against them.

Another round of the Scottish League matches was decided on Saturday. The Rangers were expected to overcome the Leith Athletic, but the latter played up pluckily, and drew with the Glasgow Club, the score being two goals each. By only drawing with the Leith Club, the Rangers have allowed the Celtic combination to tie with them for first place, the Celtic players having defeated St. Mirren by two goals to one. A very close game took place between the 3rd Lanark and the Renton, the score of three goals each exactly representing the play. The St. Bernards had matters much their own way with Dundee, who had to retire in a minority of one goal to three. Another drawn match took place between the Dumbarton and Heart of Midlothian Clubs. As the contest progresses the excitement increases, and there is likely to be a very stubborn fight for the premier position.

ADDITIONAL ARRIVALS AT NOTTINGHAM.

Sir Oracle, Antonio Pierri, Gilt Edged, Plant, Phantom Star, Pink Flower, Throatlash, Sybil Roy, Grania, Santa Barbara, Green Mint, Abednego, Dornroschen, Quæsitum, Haymaker, Fatherless, Halma Bouthillier, Moonflower, Bonnie Queen, Centurion, Lady Kendal, Bold Hermit, Iconoclast, Argonaut Melton Mowbray, Street Singer, Lark, Fool's Paradise, Cadeby Belle.

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PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A WORKGIRL

By GEORGE MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE shop was advantageously placed at a street corner. Twelve feet of fronting on the King's-road, and more than half that amount on the side street, exposed to every view wall papers and stained-glass designs. The dwelling-house was over the shop; the private entrance was in Edge-street; the shop entrance faced the kerb in the King's-road.

The Bingleys were dissenters. They were ugly, and exacted the uttermost farthing from their customers and their workpeople. Mrs. Bingley was a tall gaunt woman, with little grey ringlets on either side of her face. She spoke in a sour resolute voice when she came down to superintend the cooking in a wrapper. On Sundays she wore a black satin, fastened with a cameo brooch, and round her neck a long gold chain. Then her manners were lofty, and when her husband called "Mother," she answered testily, "Don't keep on Mothering me," and frequently stopped him to settle his neck-tie or collar. On weekdays he wore the same short jacket; on Sundays he appeared in an ill-fitting frock-coat. His long upper lip was clean shaven, but under his chin there grew a ring of discoloured hair, neither brown nor red, but the neutral tint that hair which does not turn grey acquires. When he spoke he opened his mouth wide, and seemed quite unashamed of the empty spaces and the three or four yellow fangs that remained.

John, the elder of the two brothers, was a silent youth whose one passion seemed to be eaves-dropping. He hung round doors in the hopes of overhearing his sisters conversation, and if he heard Esther and the little girl who helped Esther in her work talking in the kitchen, he would steal cautiously half-way down the stairs. Esther often thought that his young woman must be sadly in want of a sweatheart to take on with one such as him.

"Come along, Amy," he would cry, passing out before her; and not even at the end of a long walk did he offer her his arm; and they came strolling home just like boy and girl. Hubert, John's younger brother, was quite different. He had escaped the family temperament, as he had escaped the family upper lip. He was the one spot of colour in a somewhat sombre household, and Esther liked to hear him call back to his mother, "All right, mother, I've got the key; no one need wait up for me. I'll make the door fast."

"Oh, Hubert, don't be later than eleven. You are not going out dancing again, are you? Your father will have the electric bell put on the door, so that he may know when you come in."

The four girls were all ruddy-complexioned and long upper-lipped. The eldest was the plainest, she kept her father's books, and made the pastry. The second and third entertained vague hopes of marriage. The youngest was subject to hysterics, fits of some kind.

The Bingleys' own house was representative of their ideas, and the taste they had imposed upon the neighbourhood. The staircase was covered with white drugget, and the white enamelled walls had to be kept scrupulously clean. There were no flowers in the windows, but the springs of the blinds were always in perfect order. The drawing room was furnished with substantial tables, cabinets and chairs, and antimacassars, long and wide, and china ornaments and glass vases. There was a piano, and on this instrument, every Sunday evening, hymns were played by one of the young ladies, and the entire family sang in the chorus.

It was into this house that Esther entered as general servant, with wages fixed at £16 a year. And for seventeen long hours every day, for 230 hours every fortnight, she washed, she scrubbed, she cooked, she ran errands, with never a moment that she might call her own. Every second Sunday she was allowed out for four, perhaps for four and a half hours, the time fixed was from three to nine, but she was expected to be back in time to get the supper ready, and if it were many minutes later than nine there were complaints.

A girl of two or three-and-twenty; medium height, with short, strong arms. The nose was too thick, but the nostrils were well formed. The eyes were large and grey, veiled with long, dark lashes, which gave them a somewhat shy expression. The expression of the mouth was grave, even sullen, but it flowed with bright humour when she laughed. This was her third situation. Two years ago she had left home for the first time to take a place as kitchen-maid in the house of a horse-trainer in Sussex. There she had been engaged to the footman, but he had jilted her to elope with one of the young ladies upstairs. Two months after she found she was with child. Her first impulse was to run away. But reflection had induced her to stay and save her money for her confinement. A second quarter's wages came due before she was suspected, and she thought she could remain on a little longer. One day she was told that her mistress had sent for her. When she entered the parlour, Mrs. Barfield—that was her mistress's name—said—

"Is this true, Esther?"

"Yes."

"I thought that you were a good girl, Esther."

"So did I, ma'm."

She told the story of her desertion, and touched by its simple pathos Mrs. Barfield gave her three pounds more than was owing, and she went away to her people in London. Her father had died long ago; her mother had married again, and had a large family by her second husband. He was an engine painter, and lived in a little street off the Vauxhall Bridge-road. He was often drunk, and was none too kind to Esther or her mother, and Esther's half-sisters were rough, dissolute London children, who robbed her up to the day she went away in a cab to Queen Charlotte's. When she was convalescent the eldest came with the news that mother was dead, that father and the little ones were going to Australia, and that she, Jenny, would be left behind unless Esther helped her with her passage money. Esther gave her two pounds, and this charity left her nearly destitute when the hospital authorities put her out of doors, and half a dozen other weak and trembling women with babies in their arms.. She had only enough money to hire a small room, where she waited until she heard from the matron, who had promised to try to find her a situation as wet-nurse.

It was hard to part with her baby, to place him in the arms of a total stranger and give the milk that was his by right of birth to another child. She was kept a prisoner in a rich house—overfed, overcared for, so that she might save the life of a weakly child. But her thoughts were with her own baby. When she held the little girl at her breast she felt that that its life was being paid for with the life of her own darling boy. It was a life for a life. The risk was a terrible one, but she had no choice but to accept it.

Hardly did her fears slumber; and the truth flamed up—the real, naked truth—when the woman with whom she had put her child out at nurse came to ask for a little extra money. She wanted 3*s.* 6*d.* to buy some flannel and medicine; the little darling had not been quite well these last two days. At that moment the lady, whose child lay in the cot, crying, came running upstairs. She was angry that her nurse should be upset with such stories. She did not believe that anything was the matter, and was certain that Esther thought far too much about it. "Esther, do you not hear that the little darling in the cradle is crying for you?" Esther did not reply. Her whole ignorant nature was in sullen revolt. She took the child out of its cot; but she could not nurse it; and she stood staring at the mother, who, with trembling lips and anxious eyes, waited to see her ailing darling take the life from another that she could not give her.

"I cannot nurse the child, ma'am; I must go after my own little one."

"I forbid you to leave the house, you're in my service. If my child dies through your neglect you'll be made answerable for her life."

"I must see that my own don't die through my neglect. Will you take the child, ma'am, or shall I lay her in the cot?"

A few minutes after Esther was out of the house. She had a few pence in her pocket, and these took her to Hammersmith. "Where is my baby?" said Esther.

"Lor, how you did startle me. You haven't left your situation, have you?" the woman answered.

There were four cradles in the room. Esther soon picked out the right one, took her baby, and began nursing him. The other children moaned a little; there didn't seem much life in any of them. The baby-farmer said they were as un'ealthy a lot as she had ever see'd. What had they to live for? It would be a happy release when it came. Their mothers were earning good money; they had paid her five pounds each; for that she had undertaken to look after their babies; they would hear no more about them. The woman looked questioningly at Esther, who did not answer. Presently Esther said she was going, and would take her baby with her. The baby-farmer's husband came in at that moment, and he said that no one took nothing out of 'is 'ouse before they paid what they owed.

But Esther escaped from them. She ran till she could run no more, and stopped to find herself alone in London, threepence in her pocket, and her child in her arms. She lost her way. The clocks were striking half-past nine when she walked along the Chelsea Embankment. Resting the child on the stonework she wondered at which workhouse she should seek shelter. She asked a policeman the way to the nearest, and then remembered the young man who had got her admitted into the hospital. He lived with his mother in Bryanston-square. She could not walk so far; she had threepence left, that would take her most of the way. If he were not at home she didn't know what she would do. She strove not to think of such a possibility as she sat in the jolting 'bus, hardly seeing the staring faces opposite, blinded to the external world by the dense veil of her own misfortunes. When she arrived at Bryanston-square it was nearly eleven o'clock. She was afraid. Every one seemed to be in bed. She rang. Mr. Bryant opened the door. He did not recognize her. But when she told her story he spoke kindly, and his mother would not hear of her being sent away. After a few days' rest Mrs. Bryant recommended her to Mrs. Lewis, a highly respectable woman who would take every care of the baby, and Esther went to look after Mr. Bryant's chambers in Norman's Inn.

Norman's Inn seemed at first sight like a fragment of a monastery. It had been built by a firm of enterprising solicitors, and it was let out in chambers to needy and dissolute adventurers in the drama and literature—editors and contributors to obscure weekly journals, music-hall agents, and vulture-like men who went to the City in the morning, and whose pianos were heard long after midnight. The service of this inn was performed by quite a retinne of servant girls, who climbed out of an underground kitchen with trays in their hands. These girls were under the direction of the porter and his wife. Although Esther was exclusively Mr. Bryant's servant, she had her meals with the other servants in the kitchen, and she slept with one of them. She did not care to complain, for fear of giving trouble to Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, who had been so good to her, but the society of the porter's lodge was very repellent. She bore it, however, without a murmur until Mr. Bryant questioned her, and then she told him the truth. He was sorry; she would have, he was afraid, to continue to take her meals with the porter and his servant-maids, but she need no longer spend any further time with them; she could sit in his rooms—in which she pleased—when he was away, and when he was there there would always be the back room—she could sit there and do her sewing; there would be no one to interfere with her. No one had ever spoken to her like that before. During the great summer heats he noticed that she was looking pale and weary, and he sent her away for a week to the seaside. She took her baby with her; never had she been so happy. And when he went to Paris he did not forget her; he brought her back a pretty shawl. These kindnesses had taken her by the heart. When he put on his new frock coat in rough cloth she leaned out of the window to see him walk down the inn. She knew all his neckties, and liked him in some better than others; his shoes delighted her, they were so small, so different from the great boots that the other gentlemen of the inn sent down to be cleaned. He seemed to her quite different from any one else, and it was her pleasure to attend on him. If he detained her while he was at breakfast with a few questions regarding herself or the baby she was happy for the rest of the day. If he blamed her she said nothing, but hours after the tears would roll down her cheeks as she sat sewing. It was her pleasure to anticipate his wishes, to please him, to be always doing something for him. She was sorry when she could find nothing that required mending, and disappointed when there were no errands to run. Months passed, and she neither noticed the great love that consumed her nor his indifference.

One day, hearing the bell ring, she ran to the door; she thought it was a letter, and it was always a little pleasure to bring him in a letter. But it was a lady who had come to see him. Esther showed her into the sitting-room. This was the first time a lady had come to see him; but soon after Esther noticed that many letters were in the same handwriting. He sent her with letters, and the envelopes she took back were in the same handwriting. Elaborate luncheons came in from a neighbouring restaurant, and soon after a tap at the door. Mr. Bryant rushed himself to open the door; and Esther found photographs of the lady amid Mr. Bryant's papers. It was a great grief to her to find these photographs; her heart was swollen with grief, for it seemed to her that he no longer took notice of her. She had been so happy, and now she was so miserable. It was very foolish of her, she knew all that. He could not care for her; she did not expect it; she only asked not to be wholly forgotten. He used to ask her when she came to clear the breakfast-table about herself and the baby. And to speak of her troubles to a refined, educated man had been such a pleasure. Now she lingered in the room hoping he would speak to her, but he was always reading letters from that other woman. One morning she told him that she must leave. He was at first surprised and then annoyed. He pressed her for a reason, asked her if she wanted more wages, and spoke of the trouble her leaving would put him to. Her manner did not betray her; it never did. Outwardly she was grave and stubborn; inwardly she was sentimental as an old ballad. The interview dragged on. He walked up and down the room. She had heard of a place in Chelsea, and had to tell him that she must leave at once. Then his face grew very dark, and he muttered something about ingratitude. The word cut her to the heart; but there was no help for it—she had to go.

Esther had been extravagant while in Norman's Inn. On one occasion she had spent 7*s.* 6*d.* on a hat, and she had allowed Fanny and Lizzie to persuade her to go to a music hall, and to go there she had to buy gloves, a cheap parasol, and a piece of black velvet at 2*s.* a yard. Money came easily in Norman's Inn, but since she had been in Chelsea she had not had sight of a piece of silver. Her clothes were beginning to look shabby, and her boots hardly held together. She looked at them in despair. She had bought them just before leaving the inn, but no boots could be expected to stand such constant running up and down stairs. Her quarter's wages would not be due for another fortnight, and as they did not coincide with her Sunday out, she would not see her baby for another three weeks. She had not seen him for a month, and a great longing was in her heart to clasp him in her arms again, to feel his soft cheek against hers, to take his chubby legs and warm, fat feet in her hands.

But Esther had no money, and the four precious hours of liberty would slip quickly by, and she would enter on another long fortnight of slavery. Twenty times she resigned herself to her fate, and as many times—when the matter seemed most settled—her soul rose in bitter revolt, and it grew hourly more and more impossible for her to renounce this pleasure. She must pawn her dress—the only decent dress she had left. What would her mistress say? No matter, she must see the child; she would be able to get the dress out of pawn when she was paid her wages. Then she would have to buy herself a pair of boots; and she owed Mrs. Lewis a good deal of money. Five shillings a week came to £12 a year, leaving her £4 a year for boots and clothes, journeys back and forward, and everything the baby might want. Oh, it was not to be done—she never would be able to pull through. She dare not pawn her dress; if she did she'd never be able to get it out again. She leaned against the bed she was making, sick and hopeless. At that moment something bright lying on the floor, under the basin stand, caught her eye. It was half a crown. She looked at it, and as the temptation came into her heart to steal, she raised her eyes and looked round the room.

(To be continued.)

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COLONIAL NOTES.

MR. EDWARD BLAKE, M.P., was lukewarm on Canadian questions when over here, and he is proving himself reticent on Imperial ones now he is back in his native country. He arrived at Quebec on the 12th of this month, and at once left for Murray Bay, where his family reside. He refused altogether to be "interviewed" on the Irish question, but expressed his intention to return to England in time to take part in the autumn session.

The Canadian bench and bar have joined in giving Sir Richard Webster a hearty reception. At a dinner tendered to him at the St. James's Club in Montreal, Chief Justice Sir Francis Johnson presided, and was supported by the leading members of the bar. Sir Richard, replying to the toast of his health, referred to the Behring Sea Arbitration. Some day he hoped to tell Dr. Dawson how much his services contributed to an intelligent presentment of Canada's case. He was greatly pleased to hear a case in the Montreal courts conducted in the French language. It was an anomaly in a British colony, but it was a great proof of the expansive development of British institutions. The application of British justice was not restricted by the language in which its decrees were pronounced.

When the last mail left, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria had arrived at Vancouver, and was contemplating a hunting expedition in the locality prior to leaving for Chicago, and so home, after a tour which certainly no other heir-apparent to a European throne has yet undertaken.

Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for the Dominion in London, was still at Winnipeg when the mail left. So also was Professor Wallace, of Edinburgh, who at his instigation has been retained by the Government to report on the agricultural resources of the North-West. A couple of years ago the Professor visited Australia and New Zealand, and produced a bulky tome on agricultural matters in those colonies.

Lord Onslow, when Governor of New Zealand, maintained very friendly relations with the Labour party; and the paper with which he is to open the winter session of the Royal Colonial Institute, on "State Socialism and Labour Government in Antipodean Britain," in November next, is not likely to be lacking in sympathetic treatment. Of course, as a Conservative, Lord Onslow does not adopt the whole "labour" programme as his own, but he recognizes very clearly that measures which he might not recommend for trial here are admirably well suited to the new conditions of life at the Antipodes. In any case Lord Onslow's paper will form an interesting addendum to Sir Charles Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain," particularly as both statesmen approach the subject from opposite sides as regards Imperial politics.

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